The Relief Society Magazine

34 NO. 12 Lessons for March DECEMBER 1947

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

Belle S. Spafford - - - - - - President
Marianne C. Sharp - - - - - First Counselor
Velma N. Simonsen - - - - - Second Counselor
Margaret C. Pickering - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

Achsa E. Paxman, Mary G. Judd, Anna B. Hart, Edith S. Elliott, Priscilla L. Evans, Florence J. Madsen, Leone G. Layton, Blanche B. Stoddard, Evon W. Peterson, Leone O. Jacobs, Mary J. Wilson, Florence G. Smith, Lillie C. Adams, Ethel C. Smith

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - Marianne C. Sharp
Associate Editor - - - - - - - - - Vesta P. Crawford
General Manager - - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford

Vol. 34 DECEMBER 1947 No. 12

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

Plan for Financing a Relief Society Building ..... President Belle S. Spafford 795
The Importance of the "Family Hour" ..... Elder Ezra Taft Benson 800
Velma N. Simonsen Named Second Counselor in General Presidency ..... President Belle S. Spafford 801
Gertrude R. Garff Released as Counselor in General Presidency ..... President Belle S Spafford 803
The Annual General Relief Society Conference ..... General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering 804
Make the Children Happy ..... Elizabeth Williamson 826
Peace, Be Still! ..... Marguerite J. Griffin 828
Comments From Magazine Readers 862

FICTION

Christmas by Emergency ..... Alice Morrey Bailey 808
Skids for Santa ..... Grace Cozzens 816
Where Trails Run Out—Chapter 11 ..... Anna Prince Redd 831

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago 820
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 821
Editorial: Where Peace Begins ..... Vesta P. Crawford 822
Support the "Family Hour" ..... Marianne C. Sharp 823
Notes to the Field: Organizations and Reorganizations of Mission and Stake Relief Societies 824
Watch This Month 825
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Centennial Programs and Other Activities ..... General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering 839

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology: "From Judea to Galilee"; "Early Incidents in Our Lord's Public Ministry" ..... Elder Don B. Colton 847
Visiting Teachers' Messages: Community Activities ..... President Amy Brown Lyman 851
Work Meeting—Sewing: Bias Cutting and Joining, Cording, and Facing ..... Jean Ridges Jennings 853
Literature: Visions of the Doctrine and Covenants ..... Elder H. Wayne Driggs 854
Social Science: Refinement ..... Elder Joseph Jacobs 857

POETRY

To Him Again—Frontispiece ..... Dorothy J. Roberts 793
Christmas Eve ..... Mary J. Morris 799
Winter Delight ..... Grace M. Candland 802
Immortal Song ..... Sadie Ollorton Clark 807
Christmas Prayer ..... Christie Lund Coles 807
Christmas Shopping ..... Alice Whitson Norton 814
Winter Blossoming ..... Beatrice K. Ekman 815
Dilemma ..... Grace Sayre 819
Winter Splendor ..... Thelma Ireland 829
Christmas Lights ..... Josephine J. Harvey 830
Old Age ..... Abbie R. Madsen 838
Day's End ..... Ella J. Coulam 846
Sincerity ..... Evelyn Wooster Viner 856

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Phone 3-2741: Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $1.50 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 15c. The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The **Magazine** is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL 34, NO. 12 DECEMBER 1947

TO HIM AGAIN

Dorothy J. Roberts

Let us hear the story told
Afresh each Christmas time,
Repeating all the stirring words—
The inn, the Babe, the chime;

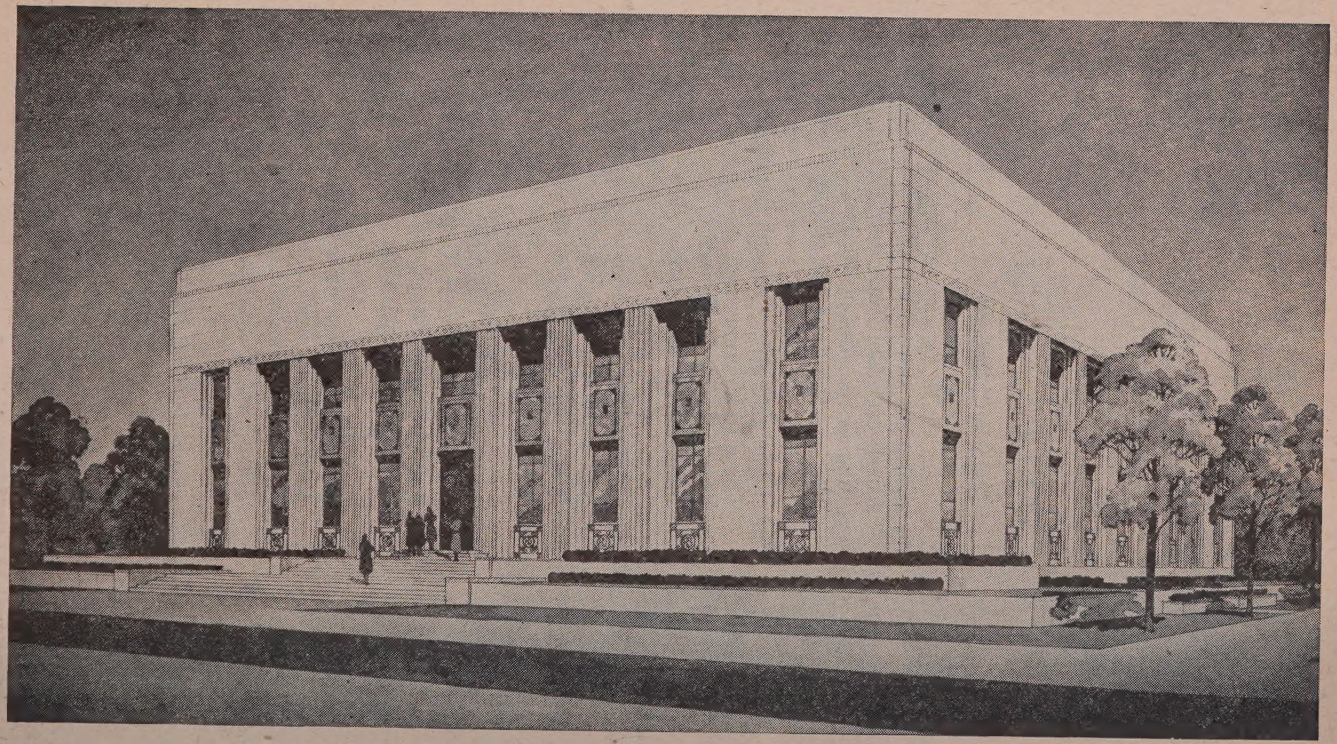
The shepherds hearing through the night
The glad hosanna song,
The Magi bringing frankincense,
And Mary, waiting long;

Judea, domed and turreted,
And humble Bethlehem—
The words that light the star anew
Illuminating them:

"For unto you is born this night
A Savior, Christ your King . . ."
Till through the long-loved syllables
We hear the angels sing.

And lay the holy scene once more
Within the heart's domain
Where thoughts, like camels with their myrrh,
Make trails to him again.

The Cover: "Madonna With the Child Jesus," from a painting by Dolci (1616-1686). Arrangement by Evan Jensen.



ARCHITECT'S FIRST DRAWING OF THE PROPOSED RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING

Plan for Financing a Relief Society Building

President Belle S. Spafford

[Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, in the Tabernacle, October 2, 1947.]

IN the Book of Psalms we are told: ". . . the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance." The gospel of Jesus Christ teaches us to hold in sacred remembrance the righteous who have gone before us, to search out their good works, and to venerate their names. This Centennial year has been a good year, adapted to this useful end. Through the activities of this year, we have become more familiar with the personalities that have established the Kingdom of God in this dispensation and built this great commonwealth. We have been made to more fully appreciate the qualities that make a people strong and the values that endure. We have seen that great achievements do not come through walking the easy, comfortable road, but that vision, faith, diligence, and sacrifice, though grappling with the severest type of disappointment, discouragement, physical suffering, and disheartening conditions, can triumph gloriously, and make possible the erection of a mighty structure that will win admiration and perpetuate in loving remembrance the names of those who built.

We know that it has not been by the wisdom and works of man alone that our people have attained their present favored position in the Intermountain West and in the world. We know that the wisdom of him who is above man, whose knowledge is greater than man's, and whose power is above the power of man, has directed the saints in their course, through his inspired servants.

The womanhood of the Church has shared in the blessings of the Lord and has been a recipient and beneficiary of his inspired guidance. In building this commonwealth and establishing the Kingdom of God, the women of Mormondom have stood side by side with the men of the Church, accepting the responsibilities as well as the joys. In the face of unspeakable persecution and hardship, the pioneer women did not flinch. They met the required sacrifices with a courage born of sublime faith.

IN the work of religious empire-founding, the women had no thought of making history; yet they played a stirring role. They trained nurses, established a hospital, engaged in industry; they did their part in the erection of temples, tabernacles, and meetinghouses; they gathered grain, from which activity we today enjoy a sense of security; they were active in the National Suffrage Movement; they worked earnestly in the interest of statehood for Utah and rejoiced when this was granted on January 4, 1896.

Mormon women have been honored with political office, both elective and appointive, and have been able, effective public servants.

Irrespective of their civic activities, Latter-day Saint women have been devoted mothers and homemakers. While bearing children and caring for their households, they have carried forward the work of the women's auxiliaries of the Church. They have supported the missionary program. They have done vicarious work for the dead in the temples of the Church, and they have rendered countless hours of compassionate service to the living. They have given untiringly to the building of the Kingdom of God, responding unselfishly to the many and diversified calls of the Church. This they have done because of their firm conviction of the truth of the restored gospel.

Eliza R. Snow beautifully reveals the spirit of these Mormon women and the influence that motivated their lives in lines from one of her poems, as follows:

My heart is fixed—I know in whom I trust.
'Twas not for wealth—'Twas not to gather
perishable things . . .
That I forsook the home of childhood;
that I left the lap of ease—
Oh, no! A holier purpose fill'd my soul;
A nobler object prompted my pursuit.
Eternal prospects opened to my view,
And hope celestial in my bosom glowed . . .
The proclamation sounded in my ear—
It reached my heart—I listened to the
sound—
Counted the cost, and laid my earthly all
Upon the altar, and with purpose fixed
Embrac'd the everlasting covenant,
And am determined now to be a saint,
And numbered with the tried and faithful ones,
Whose race is measured with their life; whose prize
Is everlasting, and whose happiness
Is God's approval; and to whom 'tis more
Than meat and drink to do His righteous
will.

The women of the past built great because of the strength of their testimonies; they built great because they dreamed great, because they had faith in their cause, because they loved the organization which had been given by a prophet of God through which they might work, because they placed the welfare of the whole above that of the individual, because they humbly accepted the decisions of the Church Authorities with faith as being in their best interests, because they were righteous women whom the Lord blessed.

TODAY, at the beginning of a new century, we stand humbled by all that the women of the past have accomplished and by all they have done for us. They have passed on to us a great heritage and a strong organization through which we, too, may express ourselves, and consummate praiseworthy achievements. They have passed on to us, too, their unfulfilled dreams and desires with which we must keep faith.

Two years ago at our Relief Society general conference, there was brought to your attention a deep-seated and sincere desire that had persisted in the hearts and minds of Relief Society women year after year as the century rolled by—the desire for a Relief Society building, one that would beautifully and adequately represent the women of the Church, one that should be a symbol to all people of the lofty position accorded faithful daughters of our Heavenly Father in the gospel plan. We told of our earnest desire to

bring to fruition this long-cherished dream. We told you of the continuing growth of the Society, with the continuous expansion of the various departments conducted by the General Board to serve the Society and the Church, and which demanded that provision soon be made to more adequately house the general offices, the Temple-Burial Clothes Department, the *Magazine*, the Welfare, and other departments.

Just as our sisters of long ago had called for a vote on this identical proposition forty-nine years before, we called for a vote of the great congregation of Relief Society sisters assembled in the Tabernacle, representing most of the stakes and missions of the Church. It was proposed that a Relief Society building be erected that would be monumental and beautiful and adequate to serve the Society not only for the present but for years to come. One of the most stirring experiences of my life came when, like one great wave, thousands of uplifted hands unanimously voted in the affirmative.

At that meeting, President Smith, addressing the sisters, endorsed the building program as follows:

> If you are going to have a house large enough to hold yourselves from now on, you may as well plan to build it. I am delighted to know that you are thinking of erecting such a structure. Don't you think it would be appropriate for you women of the Church of Jesus Christ, the only Church that bears his name by divine authority, to have a home of your own into which you could invite the spirit of the Lord when you hold your meetings? I realize you have been disappointed in the past; you thought you had a house once before, but it turned out to be the Presiding Bishop's offices also. But now your prospect seems to be better, and as you think about it and plan for it, you will be very happy. I don't care how fine it is, how large it is, or how beautiful it is; it will not be better than you deserve. There isn't anything too good for you as long as you keep the commandments of the Lord. You know he said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."
>
> It will be a gratifying experience for the daughters of Zion to feel that they have been able to provide themselves a suitable home, and that day is not far away.

We have now been authorized by the First Presidency to present for your sustaining vote a plan which has the approval of the First Presidency for financing the erection of the proposed building. The letter from the First Presidency reads as follows:

September 16, 1947

President Belle S. Spafford
and Counselors
Relief Society

Dear Sisters:

We acknowledge your letter of August 25, in which you ask permission to have Sister Spafford announce the financial plan, as approved, for a new Relief Society building, setting out the details of a fund-raising campaign of one year, the campaign to end at the Relief Society General Conference in 1948.

We are happy by this letter to give to you this authority and we wish for you a most successful campaign. We have never known the sisters to fail in anything they have undertaken in the past and we feel sure they will not fail in this.

Praying the Lord to be with you and with your Board and with all the Relief Society organizations of the Church and their officers in their great work, which was outlined for them by the Prophet Joseph himself, and which over the years they have carried on with such marked success, we are

Faithfully yours,

George Albert Smith
J. Reuben Clark, Jr.
David O. McKay
The First Presidency

THE General Board therefore proposes that a fund-raising program for the erection of a Relief Society building be conducted as follows:

1. That it commence as of this day, October 2, 1947, and close with the Relief Society general conference in October 1948, a period of one year.

2. That each local organization within the respective stakes be made responsible for submitting to the stakes for transmittal to the General Board a sum of money equal to $5 for each member enrolled as of December 31, 1946; this amount to be raised, insofar as possible, by $5 donations from each individual member, with any deficit to be made up from accrued earnings of the Society or from conducting special fund-raising programs, such as bazaars, dinners, concerts, or other activities.

3. That each stake contribute one half of the total amount of its cash on hand in stake board funds as reported in the 1946 annual report.

4. That each stake board be responsible for seeing that the full amount assigned to the stake board and to the wards within the stake be turned over to the General Board.

5. That contributions which have already been made by wards, stakes, or mission branches be credited in accordance with this plan. That where such wards or stakes have since been divided, credit be taken for the contribution according to the division of Relief Society members.

6. That missions, other than those in Europe, participate in the fund-raising program in accordance with the advice and judgment of the respective mission presidents.

7. That, in addition to contributions given by Relief Society members, as already specified, additional money needed to finance the building be obtained from memorial or other special gifts.

8. That the names of all contributors be recorded by the Society accepting the contribution, and that the record be filed with the permanent records of the Society; that duplicate copies of names of contributors be given the General Board in order that a complete record may be inscribed by the General Board to be placed in the cornerstone of the building.

All in favor of this financial proposition signify it by the uplifted hand. [The proposed plan was adopted.]

Detailed plans will be mailed at an early date, but we call upon you sisters to begin at once on this program.

You will be pleased to know that in addition to the money raised by the Relief Society, the Church has promised to help us.

On the easel is the first drawing of the proposed building—beautiful, substantial, classic in design, with due allowance for expansion as the future needs of the Society demand.

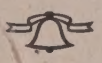
No site has as yet been chosen for the building. We hope that one will be granted us wherefrom we may look out upon the temple.

TO obtain the funds for the erection of this building is the first step in a big and wonderful undertaking for the present-day women of the Church. It is one requiring the devoted support of every Relief Society member. Nothing must be allowed to deter us nor turn us aside

from the great goal which we have this day set for ourselves. It has been considered wise to work intensively for one year in raising the fund, even at the cost of our Relief Society setting aside other projected fund-raising programs. Every effort must be bent toward the accomplishment of this one great undertaking.

The First Presidency has expressed its faith in the women of the Church. We must not fail. With success will come to us the satisfaction of an important task well done. We will all know the joy of having participated in a great project that will not only meet an urgent present-day need, but will stand as a monument to Latter-day Saint womanhood throughout the coming years. We will have the peace of mind of having kept faith with those noble women of the past—your mothers, grandmothers, and great-grandmothers—by bringing their dreams to fruition. We will have the assurance that we are passing on to women of the future a magnificent symbol of our faith, diligence, and devotion. We will have the pleasure of coming to this building, free to enjoy its service and beauty.

It is my firm conviction that God is mindful of our great Relief Society and that he blesses Relief Society women in their righteous endeavors. He is mindful of his people everywhere, and he rewards them according to their faithfulness and diligence in observing the laws of righteousness and truth. May he bless you during the coming year that your testimonies may be strong. May he bless you individually; may he bless you in your homes and in all of your righteous undertakings. May the spirit of this conference continue with you to encourage, and sustain you is my sincere prayer.



CHRISTMAS EVE

Mary J. Morris

The sand has slowly and without a sound
Dissolved the year. I never know it's gone
Until I see the presents heaped around
The Christmas tree. Again, I hear a song
I've known and loved since I, too, was a child
And stood beneath the star-dressed sky
To sing the holy hymn. Although self-styled
In grown-up ways, my happy heart is shy
And awed of such a light as shines tonight.
Inside the house the air has warm, spiced wings,
And holly berries catch the candlelight
That keeps within this room—the King of Kings.
This night is his; and candles cast a glow
On childish silhouettes against the snow.

The Importance of the "Family Hour"

Elder Ezra Taft Benson
Member, Council of the Twelve

[Excerpts from an address delivered at the first session of the 118 Semi-Annual General Conference, October 3, 1947].

THE desire for home and family is a strong and natural impulse . . . . The family is a divine institution established by our Heavenly Father. It is basic to civilization and particularly to Christian civilization. The establishment of a home is not only a privilege, but marriage and the bearing, rearing, and proper training of children are duties of the highest order . . . .

This is a serious obligation. Down through the years the First Presidency of the Church and other leaders have counseled us and have admonished regarding the sacred obligation of parenthood and the teaching of children in the home. It was during the ministry of President Joseph F. Smith that a new project was organized and announced in the Church, and a letter directed to presidents of stakes, bishops of wards, and parents in Zion, from which I quote the following:

> We advise and urge the inauguration of a "Home Evening" throughout the Church, at which time fathers and mothers may gather their boys and girls about them in the home and teach them the word of the Lord. . . .

Subsequently, President Heber J. Grant reaffirmed the instructions previously given and officially endorsed the holding of a family hour in the home as an effective means through which the gospel might be taught to our children and the bonds of love and affection strengthened between parents and children . . . .

During the past few months, the Council of the Twelve, under the direction of the First Presidency, have given further consideration to the powerful influences which tend to destroy the home and weaken the relationship between parents and children. As a result, a letter has been directed by President George F. Richards to presidents of stakes and bishops of wards recommending a revival and further motivation of this project inaugurated under the leadership of President Joseph F. Smith many years ago. The Council has called to its aid the Presiding Bishopric, heads of the Church auxiliaries, and, of course, the local Priesthood in the stakes and the wards. A major responsibility has been delegated to the Relief Society, and through this great organization of women, mothers in Israel—those who play such an important part in the training of our children—has been given the responsibility of the preparation of certain materials, as helps to parents. This material will be carried into the homes by the Relief Society teachers and the ward teachers . . . .

Velma N. Simonsen Named Second Counselor in General Presidency of Relief Society

President Belle S. Spafford

ON October 2, 1947, Sister Velma Nebeker Simonsen was named second counselor in the General Presidency of Relief Society to succeed Sister Gertrude R. Garff whose resignation was made necessary because of increased home responsibilities.

Sister Simonsen is well known to Relief Society women, having served as a member of the General Board since April 1945, during which time she has visited many of the stakes of the Church where she has conducted Relief Society conventions and where her capabilities and friendly personality have won her a host of friends.

In addition to conducting Relief Society stake conventions, Sister Simonsen has filled many special assignments as a member of the General Board and has served as chairman of a number of standing committees. Her work as chairman of the work meeting committee has been particularly successful as is evidenced by the great interest shown in the activities of this day and in the increased number of women participating in the sewing program.

Throughout her lifetime, Sister Simonsen has been active in Church work, serving all of the auxiliaries at various times. She has filled two missions in the Northwest, teaching for two years the Indian mission school in Montana. She has had wide experience in both ward and stake Relief Society work. At the time of her appointment to the General Board she was president of the Yale Ward Relief Society. Her experience in ward and stake Relief Society work has given her an unusually fine understanding of the program of the Society and a deep appreciation for the workers who carry it forward.

VELMA N. SIMONSEN

Her love for Relief Society and for the sisters who comprise its membership is constant and sincere.

She is faithful to duty and an energetic and indefatigable worker. She is possessed of many capabilities which, coupled with her great enthusiasm and friendliness, inspire in those with whom she works a confidence in her leadership, a desire to further the program which she espouses, and a love for her as an individual.

In filling a position such as that to which Sister Simonsen has been called, the full support of husband and family is of great importance. This she enjoys to a marked degree. Her husband, John O. Simonsen, is a member of the Bonneville Stake High Council. Brother and Sister Simonsen have four children, Winona, John M., now a missionary in the East Central States Mission, Robert, and Richard.

In her new position as counselor in the General Presidency, Sister Simonsen will be assigned, in addition to her regular duties as counselor, the general supervision of the Temple-Burial Clothes Department of the General Board and the Mormon Handicraft Shop, positions she is well qualified to hold through aptitude, interest, and experience.

In her new and important assignment, Sister Simonsen enjoys the full confidence of her fellow members of the General Board. It is our prayer that in this position, her firm testimony of the gospel, her capabilities, and her lovable spirit will further reach out to the sisters of Relief Society to influence and bless them, and that she will enjoy and find great satisfaction in her new opportunities for service to her Church through Relief Society.

WINTER DELIGHT

Grace M. Candland

The snow has fallen turbulently all night.
The scars of yesterday in field and town
Are hidden in a coverlet of down,
Agleam in morning light.

Today I catch a falling flake to see
The fragile beauty of its every part
And marvel how some strange and magic art
Perfects its symmetry.

Each has its own design, distinct and true,
And comes to earth intact in shape and form,
Despite the whirling friction of the storm
And irate winds that blew.

Combined, they have a power none can guess;
Their frozen vaporlets are held at bay
For mountain freshets on a summer day
In silent loveliness.

Gertrude R. Garff Released as Counselor in General Presidency

President Belle S. Spafford

AT the officers meeting of the general Relief Society conference held Thursday morning, October 2, 1947, the announcement of the release of Sister Gertrude R. Garff as second counselor in the General Presidency of Relief Society, and as a member of the General Board, was announced by President Belle S. Spafford. This action was made necessary because of Sister Garff's heavy home responsibilities. In tendering her resignation, Sister Garff stated, "The additional care of my six months' old baby is very time-consuming, and I find that my older children are in greater need of my personal attention to their problems now than they have ever been before. My home responsibilities are becoming ever greater from day to day."

GERTRUDE R. GARFF

Sister Garff was named a member of the General Board of Relief Society in January 1940 at the time Sister Amy Brown Lyman was called to preside as General President of the Society. In April 1945 she was called to serve as counselor to Sister Belle S. Spafford in the General Presidency. Since her appointment to this position, Sister Garff, in addition to her general duties as counselor, has had general supervision of the Temple-Burial Clothes Department of the General Board and also of the Mormon Handicraft Shop. She served as chairman of the October general conference committee for 1945 and 1947 and as chairman of the stake convention committee for 1946. She has also served continuously as a member of the General Church Welfare clothing committee.

Sister Garff's strong testimony of the gospel, her training, experience, and charm of personality admirably fitted her for the work which has been hers as a member of the General Board and as counselor in the Presidency, and her contribution to the work of the Society is deeply appreciated. Her good judgment has made her a wise and valued counselor. She has endeared herself to her associates, and it is with a sincere sense of regret that the members of the General Board part with her as one of their number.

The Annual General Relief Society Conference

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

October 2 and 3, 1947

THE annual general Relief Society Conference for 1947 was held Wednesday and Thursday, October 1 and 2, at Salt Lake City, Utah, with President Belle S. Spafford presiding.

There were three sessions for officers, two on Wednesday and one on Thursday morning, in the Assembly Hall. The general session was held in the Tabernacle on Thursday afternoon.

A Singing Mothers Centennial Concert, Relief Society's official contribution to the Utah State Centennial celebration, was held in the Tabernacle, Wednesday at 8:15 P.M. A chorus of more than 500 singers, from the following stakes, participated in the program under the direction of Sister Florence Jepperson Madsen of the General Board: Ben Lomond, Big Cottonwood, Bonneville, Cottonwood, Davis, East Jordan, East Mill Creek, East Provo, Emigration, Ensign, Farr West, Granite, Grant, Grantsville, Highland, Hillside, Lake View, Liberty, Mt. Jordan, Mt. Ogden, North Davis, North Jordan, North Weber, Ogden, Oquirrh, Park, Pioneer, Provo, Riverside, Salt Lake, South Davis, South Ogden, South Salt Lake, Sugar House, Temple View, Tooele, Utah, Weber, West Jordan, and West Utah. Brother Frank W. Asper accompanied the Singing Mothers at the organ and rendered two organ solos. Sister Arta Ballif was narrator of the script written by Sister Vesta P. Crawford. Sister Katherine Hess Peterson played a violin solo.

A reception for stake and mission officers and invited guests was held Thursday, October 2, in the Lafayette Ballroom of the Hotel Utah from eight to ten P.M.

The attendance at the conference was the largest at any Relief Society conference held to date, the officers meetings completely filling the Assembly Hall. President George Albert Smith attended the first session of the conference and gave the workers his blessing. The general session, which filled the Tabernacle, was especially significant. President David O. McKay paid tribute to the women of the Church, past and present. At this session President Spafford, upon authorization from the First Presidency, presented the plan for financing a Relief Society building, the erection of which was unanimously approved at the general Relief Society conference in October 1945. The fund-raising plan, as adopted, commenced October 2. During President Spafford's talk the first color drawing of the building was placed upon an easel at the pulpit where all could see it.

At the officers meeting Thursday morning, President Spafford announced the resignation of Sister Gertrude R. Garff, Second Counselor in the General Presidency, due to increased home responsibilities with the coming of her fourth child, and the appointment of Sister Velma N. Simonsen, a member of the Board since April 1945, as the new second counselor. Both made brief talks, expressing their love for Relief Society work.

Elder Marion G. Romney, Assistant Managing Director of the Church Welfare Committee, addressed this session on "The Joys of Welfare Service," which was published in the November issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

The Presiding Bishopric and President Antoine R. Ivins of the First Council of Seventy were present at the general session Thursday, and members of the Church Welfare Committee and representatives of the auxiliary organizations attended the various sessions.

SPECIALLY featured at the officers meeting were the demonstrations of a theology class lesson; a visiting teachers meeting; a fashion show, in which representatives from ten stakes modeled clothing made by Relief Society members; a social science department demonstration entitled "We Found the Way," emphasized the need for proper family training. At the afternoon session Wednesday, Sister Vesta P. Crawford, new associate editor of the *Magazine*, was introduced, and in recognition of the diamond jubilee of the Latter-day Saint woman's publication, a commemorative skit was presented in which the six women who have served as past editors were impersonated and honored. A separate departmental meeting for secretaries was held in Barratt Hall.

The music for the conference was unusually beautiful. At the Assembly Hall, Sister Beulah Huish Sadleir sang a lovely solo, and Lily M. Priestley, at the organ, played beautiful and appropriate prelude and postlude selections. At the general session in the Tabernacle, a chorus of Singing Mothers from the twenty-nine stakes in the Salt Lake and Jordan Valley regions and from the Provo, East Provo, Utah, and West Utah Stakes furnished the music. For the first two sessions of the general Church conference the following day, October 3, a Singing Mothers chorus from the Alpine, Kolob, Lehi, Nebo, Orem, Palmyra, Sharon, and Timpanogos Stakes furnished the music. Thus a total of more than one thousand Singing Mothers, under the direction of Sister Madsen, made a notable artistic and spiritual contribution to the Relief Society and general Church conferences.

All the stakes of the Church and nine missions were represented at the conference. The mission presidents of Relief Society in Continental United States did not attend the conference this year, due to unusually heavy responsibilities in their respective fields.

A Perry Picture

From a Painting by Bouguereau, 1825-1905

ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS

IMMORTAL SONG

Sadie Ollorton Clark

Once, in a world of doubt and fear,
The shepherds heard an anthem clear,
A wondrous song of hope and cheer,
On Christmas day.

Until then few men would maintain
That peace on earth could long remain,
Or myriads sing that sweet refrain,
On Christmas day.

Since then a special spirit strives
To keep the stars in children's eyes,
This Gift of love immortalize,
On Christmas day.

And who can say that all is wrong,
That hope is lost, and love is gone,
If we still sing that holy song
On Christmas day?

CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Christie Lund Coles

This is my prayer for Christmas, Lord,
Let every soul accept your word;

Let every heart forget its fears,
Keep trust in thee as Christmas nears.

Let every night be one of stars,
Let peace wipe out the stain of wars;

Let all men kneel to Jesus' birth,
Let his pure spirit rule the earth.

Christmas by Emergency

Alice Morrey Bailey

AMY Crandall looked around at her family with dissatisfaction. Her husband, Jim, was passively reading the evening paper. Francine was painting her nails, and Paul was idly thumbing through the Christmas cards. There was an air of complete boredom on their faces, no enthusiasm whatever, though Christmas was the day after tomorrow. Her own mind was a hodgepodge of petty worries.

Aloud she said, "I can't get Rita and those children off my mind."

"Oh, Mother!" groaned Francine. "Do you have to spoil Christmas?"

"Christmas!" said Paul contemptuously, "who knows anything about Christmas around this joint?"

"I thought you were going to bring a tree home, Paul," said Amy. She had said the same thing every evening for two weeks.

"Why do we have to have a tree?"

"Because everybody on the block has one, silly," answered Francine. "Our house looks funny without one."

"That's a swell reason," said Paul sarcastically. "Personally, I could sleep the day in and skip it. If anyone's determined to give me a present, let it be in the form of a check, seeing that I'm between jobs right now, and the payment on my car is due."

"That goes for me, too," Francine said. "Expecting me to work on Christmas! I was never so mad!"

Francine had quit her job at the telephone office last night.

"A commercial racket!" exploded Jim. "That's all Christmas is, any more."

"Well, I never!" said Amy, feeling injured. "I'm sure I've done my best. I've cleaned every room in the house and sent cards to all our friends, shopped for gifts all round. I haven't left out a soul."

"That should do it, Mom," said Paul. "Christmas all printed out on a card with a rhyme to match:

Let Christmas live in your hearts so sweet
A Merry Christmas is here, Tweet! Tweet!"

He pushed the cards aside with disgust.

"Children! Respect your mother!" Jim reprimanded, and there was a little, resentful silence.

"I wonder if Rita has a tree?" asked Amy, and Francine heaved a long-suffering sigh.

"Here we go again," she said.

"Francine!" warned Jim.

"Well, it's all mother's talked about since she saw them in church. I should think Rita'd have more pride than to bring her children into public dirty like that, and flaunt her poverty."

"I'm not sure it's poverty," said Amy. "I've heard that the boy Rita married made a comfortable living. It seems deeper than that. I've lost track of Rita since her mother died last March."

"Then it must be a plain case of laziness. I never saw such unkempt children. Whatever it is, it's none of our affair."

"Her mother was one of my dear-

est friends," said Amy with dignity. "A better housekeeper never lived. She asked me to look out for Rita with almost her last breath."

"Pete Hill hauled her up from the station," Paul explained. "He said he never saw such a conglomeration of boxes and paper bags. He was ashamed to come through town with them."

"I understand she's opened her mother's house," put in Jim, looking over his paper. "There's no heat there, but the kitchen range."

"Pack a basket, Mother," said Francine, "and let's get on with Christmas."

"Well, that is a good idea," said Amy, brightening. "It wouldn't take long and it would dispose of one worrisome detail."

"Now, if Paul'll get a tree—" began Francine.

"For Pete's sake! We're all grown. I'm of age, and Francine—"

"Don't say it!" warned Francine. "If a girl gets to be twenty-three she's an old maid."

"Rita's not that old, and she has four children."

"Rita married at seventeen. If you think—" flared Francine.

"Take it away, Sis. I was just teasing."

"It would surprise all of you if I came home some evening with a diamond."

"Has Phil asked you?" Jim questioned, too eagerly.

"Maybe," evaded Francine, "and maybe not."

AMY sighed. She knew Phil hadn't asked Francine, and for the life of her she didn't know why. The thing had started off with all the earmarks when Phil came to teach in the fall. Moreover, Francine was in love with him, and who wouldn't be—such a big, good-looking fellow, so able to converse, so ready to laugh. Francine was beautiful, well-educated, and as smart as a page from Vogue, a good match for him. But what could her mother do about it? Nothing, except to strike the right note of impersonal hospitality. Men shied away from too much attention, as from a trap.

"Let's see," she said, getting back to the basket for Rita, "some butter and eggs, and I could take her that chicken. The turkey'll be enough for us . . . ."

Jim rustled his paper. "Go a little easy, Amy. Butter and eggs and meat are like gold."

"Why don't you leave it until tomorrow, Mother?" Francine asked.

"I wouldn't sleep a wink!" said Amy. "I should have gone last night, but I was so busy hanging those curtains, and tomorrow will be another busy day, Christmas Eve."

She got some bottled fruit and jam, put in a loaf of bread, and dipped into the Christmas candy and nuts.

"Paul, will you drive me?" she asked.

"If you'll make it snappy. I've got a date in about an hour. Thought I'd take my girl to a dance."

* * * *

THE place looked dark and forbidding when they drove up.

"Doesn't look as if anyone's at home," said Paul.

"There's a little light in the kitchen. I wonder if Rita didn't have the lights turned on."

Paul carried the basket to the door. "I'll wait in the car and listen

to the radio, but remember that date."

Her knock on the door was answered after some delay by a little mite of a girl, hardly able to reach the knob. Two more children, an even smaller girl and a little boy were foraging for crumbs on the kitchen table. Rita was sitting in front of the open oven door, the baby on her lap. They were all even more unkempt than they had been in church.

"It's Amy Crandall, isn't it?" said Rita, without getting up. Rita had been a pretty little thing, with small bones and a piquant face. Her dark-circled eyes and pale lips smote Amy's heart.

"I brought you a basket," she said, setting it on the table.

A candle, burning on a tin lid in the middle of the table, fought back the shadows as hopelessly as the small fire fought back the cold.

"I haven't seen your children before, Rita. How old are they?" Amy asked.

"Steven's four, Betty Kay is three, Alene's a year and a half, and the baby's five months," intoned Rita.

Amy looked sharply at the baby. "I thought it was much younger. Is it a boy or a girl?"

"It's a boy," said Rita listlessly. "I named him Tommy."

The baby wasn't asleep, but it was thin and unmoving. Its open eyes were as lusterless as its mother's hair. Amy hardly noticed the other children, who crowded around their mother shyly, but she thoughtfully spread them some bread and butter, eyeing the baby with growing misgivings, turning Rita's strange behavior over in her mind.

"Your baby's sick, Rita," she said finally. "What in the world are you doing here at this time of year? Where's your husband?"

"I don't know," said Rita dully. "We quarreled. He said I was lazy. He went away angry. I can't go back. I can't stand any more. I thought if I could get home, something would work out . . ." Rita's mouth was trembling.

"You poor child! You're sick, too," said Amy.

THE car honked outside. That would be Paul, getting impatient. Amy looked around the room. No lights—no hot water. What could be done? The children were cramming the bread and butter into their mouths, their round eyes fastened upon her. It was plain to see they were neglected and hungry.

Steven thrust out his small hand. "More bread and butter," he said.

"Mo', mo'," the little girls echoed. It was more than Amy could stand.

"Paul, you'll have to help me," she said, coming out to the car. "I'm going to take them home with me."

"Now, Mother!" protested Paul. "Why don't you just drop a bomb down the chimney and let it go at that? But why?"

"I knew you'd be angry—think me sentimental and stupid—insane, but it can't be helped." She outlined briefly what she had found in the house. "Of course, it will just ruin Christmas, but Paul, that baby is going to die if something isn't done right away."

She waited for the explosion, but to her surprise Paul got out of the car and came soberly into the house. He bundled the children with an experienced hand, coming back two or

three times for bundles of dirty clothes Amy had gathered. Finally he took the baby and the basket she had brought, while she helped Rita to the car. Steven was sitting beside him, worshipping him with wide, dark-fringed eyes.

"He'd be a cute little shaver if he—" he began, and stopped. Amy knew what he meant, if he were cleaned up.

"Paul, I thought you'd be upset."

"I had a job like this once before, gathering babies after the Germans had retreated," Paul said gruffly.

* * * *

AMY bustled into the bathroom to run a bath as soon as she was home, leaving the little group huddled in the living room. Francine followed her in.

"Mother, what is this? Don't tell me you've brought these creatures home for Christmas!"

"I don't just know how long they'll be here, Francie."

"But Mother! I've invited Phil for Christmas dinner."

"We'll have everything under control by that time."

"I can imagine!" said Francine bitterly.

"These people are in trouble. They have to be helped."

"Well, it's your project," shrugged Francine. "Count me out."

"I hoped you'd help me, Francine. The whole bunch has to be fed and bathed: The children have cute little clothes, but they're all dirty. I'll run them through the washer when things quiet down, but right now I have to call Dr. Kane."

"Dr. Kane? You mean they're sick?"

"I'm afraid so—both Rita and the baby."

"Really?" asked Francine. "I suppose I could bathe the baby," she went on grudgingly. "I learned how in my homemaking class at the University. Can't Paul dunk the others?"

"And now about Rita . . ." began Amy.

"I know," Francine anticipated ungraciously. "Yes, you can put Rita in my bed, and yes, I'll sleep on the living room couch."

Amy hadn't had a minute to explain things to Jim. She had glanced at him a time or two in passing. His face was noncommittal, and she knew he was not reading the book he held before it. To be honest, she was afraid to broach him about groceries for a bunch like this. Not that she would blame him. Jim was industrious and honest, but not a brilliant lawyer. He worked hard for his money, and the children seemed to think his pocketbook was a bottomless well of supply.

* * * *

WHEN the doctor arrived an hour later the sleepy-eyed babies were just finishing their soup. They looked like three little angels in some of Paul's white teeshirts, their hair hanging in clean silken rings. Rita was in bed, staring at the ceiling, and Francine was bending anxiously over the baby.

"He doesn't move, even to cry. When I turned him over I had to lift his arm. Do you think he'll die?"

"I'd better see the mother first," Dr. Kane said when Amy had explained the circumstances.

She took him in. He went over Rita thoroughly, keeping up a running fire of conversational questions

which Rita answered in monosyllables or not at all, questions that seemed superficial, but which were cleverly put to conceal a deeper probing.

Finally he beckoned Amy out. "I think you got her just in time," he said, and went to look over the baby.

"How old is this baby?" he asked.

"Five months," Amy told him, and they stood silent as he turned the infant, moving his stethoscope over its tiny chest. Jim got up to peer over Amy's shoulder.

"Nothing organically wrong," the doctor finally pronounced, "seems to be malnutrition and toxin from the mother's feedings. Can you care for this child here?"

Amy was searching her mind with some misgivings, trying to take all factors into consideration.

"Weren't you in one of my classes at the University, young lady?" the doctor asked, addressing Francine.

Francine gasped. "Yes, I was," she admitted, "but . . . ."

"Fine! Fine!" said the doctor bruskly, "I'll give you detailed instructions. This will be a good workout for your knowledge. We'll need some prescriptions."

"I can do it if . . . if . . ." Her eyes sought her father and Paul.

"I'll foot the bill," said Paul. "I'll land some kind of job tomorrow."

Dr. Kane sat at the desk and wrote a full page of instructions which he handed Francine.

"Now, the mother," he said. "Her immediate need is hospitalization."

"Hospitalization?" repeated Amy.

"Yes. I'll want her there to clear up some physical disturbances of long standing, and for observation. A good psychiatrist may be in order. I want to know how it can be handled financially."

"I don't know," said Amy. "Her husband seems to have left her. I know she hasn't any money."

"There are agencies for family help if someone can unsnarl the legal difficulties. How about it, Jim?"

"Why, sure, sure!" agreed Jim, taken by surprise. "That's right up my alley."

"I say, it's pretty decent of you people. Right at Christmas time, too, upsetting all your plans. Looks like you caught them just in time, though."

"It's nothing," said Jim, expanding. "When will you want her? In the hospital, I mean."

"In the morning, early, as soon as I can make arrangements."

"I'll guarantee the money," said Jim largely. "I might be able to locate that father and get him back onto the job."

"He may need a boost himself. He's pretty young, too, I understand."

Paul came out of his room as the doctor was leaving.

"The bairnies are cuddled doon in my room," he said. "How's that for a second-rate papa? Now may I go on my date? I can take a cot in the basement when I get home."

"Paul, you're late. What will your girl friend think?"

"I called her and told her there existed a state of emergency. She was a good sport. We can still get a little dancing in."

"Could you get to the drugstore before it closes, Paul, and get some things I need for the baby?" queried Francine.

"Well," said Amy. "Looks as if

here's nothing left for me to do but he washing."

* * * *

THE house next day was a madhouse. Alene ate all she could hold, and then plastered her bread with the remaining cereal. She smiled enchantingly when Amy went to fetch her.

Silken little things, they were, quick in their fluid baby motions, their sunny heads bobbing everywhere.

"No wonder Rita got sick. I'd be a wreck in a week," said Francine, "but aren't they adorable?" she added.

Phil called while Francine was making up the formula.

"Tell him I'll call him back, Mother. I can't come just now," she said, but it was more than an hour before she could call him, and then he had gone.

"Mother, I wanted to make this Christmas a once-and-for-all with Phil. I can't go on any longer with things at a standstill between us. If I lose Phil because of this baby . . ."

"Well, I'm sure I could relieve you with the baby now that Rita has gone," said Amy.

"Oh, no! I couldn't trust him with anyone else," Francine told her.

Amy opened her mouth in astonishment, and closed it again.

"Those little ones should have something for Christmas," Francine worried, "though I don't suppose they know much about it."

Paul came home that evening with a tapered Christmas tree, and with bulging packages of brightly colored balls, lights, and tinseled decorations.

"I got a job," he announced, "beginning the day after Christmas!" His face was shining with excitement. "I'm getting my electric train out for Steven."

"Guess who I saw?" he asked the round-eyed children. "Old Santa Claus himself, loaded right up to his ears with gifts for you."

"Santa Claus bring me a 'lec'ric shaver like Uncle Paul," Steven said.

Betty Kay and Alene clapped their hands. "Santa! Santa!" they shouted.

"Well, whatdya know about that? *Uncle* Paul!" He tousled Steven's hair lovingly. "And I thought Christmas was spoiled for me for good."

JIM came in the back way, wearing a look of sheepish guilt and walking in an aura of conspiracy.

"I've located Rita's husband," he said triumphantly. "Talked to him long distance."

"I gave it to him straight, and he's pretty cut up. He's catching the night train and will be here by morning. Dr. Kane thinks that'll do a lot to get Rita ticking again."

"Well, he should be made acquainted with some of the damage he's done," said Francine indignantly, going back to the kitchen. She was there when Phil came.

"Francine's giving the baby his evening rub," Amy said, "I'll call her."

"No, don't. Let me go in." He tiptoed awkwardly, balancing his big frame, and stood in the doorway, watching Francine.

"Mother! Mother!" she was saying excitedly, "Tommy smiled at me! Isn't that wonderful? Come and see if you don't think he is plumper and brighter already." She looked up then, and saw Phil, and

Amy had never seen her more beautiful, her face flushed and shining, her hair tumbled in soft curls about her face.

"Phil, I look a sight!"

"You surely do, but don't worry. I'm a man that likes to take off my shoes after a hard day's work. So this is the rival I've come to joust with! Well, I brought his choice weapons," he said, fishing a rattle box out of his pocket.

"Phil, who told you?"

"I got it straight from Dr. Kane, and when this little guy nosed me out on the telephone, I was jealous, I'll have you know."

Amy decided this was her cue to retreat from the door where she had followed Phil. In the living room Paul and Jim were decorating the tree, retrieving the fragile balls from Betty Kay, rescuing the strings of lights from Steven's wild assistance, and untangling Alene from yards of flashing tinsel.

"There are bushels of jeeps and dolls in the basement," Jim said, "oranges and gimcracks to put in the stockings. It will be something to see their faces in the morning."

"Christmas is a wonderful time of year," sighed Amy happily.

"You know, Amy! We need some grandchildren of our own."

"In due time, Jim," said Amy complacently, indicating a rapturous shadow on the kitchen door. It showed a perfect outline of Phil kissing Francine.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

In Memory of My Mother

Alice Whitson Norton

Along a gaily festooned street,
I walked amid a happy throng,
And with them listened eagerly
To puppets sing a Christmas song.

In crowded shops I purchased gifts,
Recalling wishes I once knew,
A watch, a ring, a silver vase,
And then, Beloved, I thought of you.

You always asked for little things
Like thimbles—scissors—mending thread;
And instantly my poor heart broke—
Remembering that you were dead.

Then I bought toys and gave them out
To urchins round me, sad of face;
This was my Christmas gift to you,
Filling, as best I knew, your place.

WINTER BLOSSOMING

Beatrice K. Ekman

I who cherish beauty shall remember
No flowering more lovely than the sight
Of winter-blossomed boughs in late December
With tremulous impermanence of white.

Snow had caught and clung to rain-washed hedges;
The fragile blossoms piled on bush and tree,
The garden pool was dark to shallow edges
Where reeds were regal as the fleur-de-lis.

I looked in awe upon this world transcendence
Beneath ephemeral gray of opal sky,
And found no word portraying the resplendence
Of beauty's silence . . . piercing as a cry.

Walter P. Cottam

MOUNT TIMPANOGOS, UTAH, IN WINTER

Skids for Santa

Grace Cozzens

LOUIS Stuart was a natural-born rhymer, but he could see no rhyme or reason for the jam they were in. Stella was right, he should have listened to old trapper Pete and got off the dry farm and out of the hills by the middle of November, then they wouldn't have been snowed in.

"We gotta get out of here, Daddy," seven-year-old Roy was saying. He climbed astraddle his father's knee. "Even old Pete'll have turkey and plum pudding. It won't seem like Christmas up here all alone."

Lou stroked Roy's brown, curly head. "Sure it will, Son. Don't you see, we're not up here all alone? Listen to this:

Let Christmas morning come,
We'll beat a milk pan for a drum,
And call the forest folk together—
Beasts of every fur and birds of every feather;
And we'll give them Christmas cheer
They've missed for many a year . . . .

"We'll have fun. Don't you worry about that."

Five-year-old Ann climbed on his other knee. "How about Sandy Claus, can he find our house?"

"'Course he can, big silly," Roy shouted. "Old Sandy Claus can find kids anywhere." He shoved his hand into his pocket. "Look, here's my letter to him. Read it, Daddy."

Lou took the slip and read:

Dear old Sandy Claus: Please bring me a jumping jack rabbit a monkey and a sock full of candy and nuts.

Roy Stuart

Lou folded the note and handed it back. He cleared his throat. "Could be that the storm king has put the skids under old Santa Claus. Could be he can't make it up here any more than we can make it down the canyon."

Ann's small voice quivered, "And not bring our toys?"

"He's only teasing you," Roy laughed. "Daddies always talk like that before Christmas."

Louis looked at the glowing faces before him and his breath frittered away. Words failed him. How could he make them understand that Santa wasn't coming?

If the storm had held off one more day, he would have had his little family settled in town for the winter. The day the last load of grain was sent off to the elevator the sky gave promise of a bright tomorrow, but somewhere between midnight and dawn snow began to fall and a wind came up, blocking the road, and for over three weeks he had been trying to dig out.

NOW it was Christmas Eve and two starry-eyed tots were looking forward to Christmas morning. He looked across the room at Stella, with her brown hair wound into a heavy bun on the back of her neck, unpacking the things she had packed weeks ago to take along in case there was a chance to get away. Her eyes met his. She smiled, but her lashes were wet.

"Jumping junipers!" he thought. "Just what are we going to do?"

Roy slid off his knee and began hauling a handful of things from his pocket. He sorted out two nails. "Get the hammer, Ann," he said. "Here, Daddy. If we've gotta stay we better drive these nails in the wall to hang our stockings on."

Louis took the big hammer from Ann's small hands. "We'll drive 'em," he said slowly. "But don't forget what I told you about old St. Nick maybe getting stalled in the snow up the canyon."

"You're only teasing," Roy giggled, handing his father a nail. "Sandy's reindeer sail right through the air over house tops."

Lou drove the nails in the rail above the fireplace and stepped to the window. He fingered his chin and stared hard at the glistening snow over the landscape and at the glittering stars overhead. It had been so for weeks. The sky would hold clear and blue for days while he dug like a rat through the snowdrifts, four and a half miles, to the top of the hill and within a couple of miles of the highway, then it would cloud up and storm again before he could get the family out.

But he never gave up hope of getting out, really, until that afternoon. For two days he had used his scraper and team, and this time he was within a stone's throw of the highway, when a breeze stirred up from the north, clouds drifted up from the west, and the sky ran down like a leaden screen, behind the sawtooth ridge. And in no time the storm ruined his work. His trenches were packed with fresh white snow which no automobile or team and wagon could buck.

STELLA came and stood at his side, looking out upon the far stretch of snow-capped trees. "If old Pete had stayed," she murmured, "the smoke from his chimney would have made it less lonely."

Lou snorted. "If I hadn't given the old scalawag a lift to town after he helped me dig out the first time, he could have helped me get packed and we would all be out."

"Don't blame Pete," she said. "He warned you not to tinker around. Said rats and mink were taking on extra heavy fur."

Roy ran up to them. "I'll bet it's Pete's fault. He got mad at me for springing some of his traps. He said he'd bet Sandy would skip right past my stocking this year. Is he a witch, Daddy?"

"No, Son," Lou said vacantly, "you should be more careful around his traps."

Stella turned away. "Come on, Children. Now you have your stockings hung you had better get to bed." Roy and Ann scampered into the bedroom, unbuttoning as they went.

Lou swung round and looked sharply at Stella. "For the love o'Pete!" he gulped. "Now, what did you say that for?"

Stella stood smiling. "I have it."

"Have what?" Lou squinted.

"A bright idea," she whispered.

"Spill it," Lou said. "We need ideas."

"Gingerbread men!" she whispered.

Lou grabbed at the straw and led her to the kitchen. "In nothing flat," he grinned, "all in shapes of camels and St. Nicks."

She nodded. "With red and green coats."

He stirred the fire and added wood. "Let's get started," he mumbled. "I'm going to try my hand at cutting out a rabbit, a monkey, and maybe a jumping jack. And how about you dressing up a fancy doll?"

"Quit talking," Roy called. "I can't go to sleep."

Stella put her finger to her lips. "Let's be quiet till they're asleep."

They sat still as mice. Outside the night wind whistled and moaned over tall, snow-decked pines, and a bright moon was slowly climbing upward in the east. A huge star beamed, as if to reiterate the ancient message, "Holy night. All is right."

Stella whispered, "Think of the different scenes that old moon and bright star are looking down upon."

LOUIS nodded. He tiptoed across the room and closed the bedroom door.

"Don't shut it. I can't go to sleep," came Roy's drowsy voice. Lou opened the door again and sat back down beside Stella and waited. After awhile he stirred the fire and added wood. It was nearing midnight when Stella got out the sugar, flour, shortening, eggs, and spices. Lou tied on an apron and found a paring knife. Stella mixed and rolled the dough. Together, they cut out shapes, chuckling and laying them carefully on a wide cookie sheet. While the cookies were baking Lou helped Stella mix red, green, and yellow icing.

In twenty minutes she pulled the pan of golden-brown spicy gingerbreads from the oven.

Lou looked over her shoulder and gripped her arms warmly. "Yummy!" he chuckled. "Look at that monkey and those rabbits, and your St. Nicks and camels! Now for the frosting . . . ."

He stiffened. A hinge had creaked behind him. He turned, guiltily. Roy stood in the doorway, rubbing his eyes. Stella's hand flew to her throat. Lou stepped forth with apron spread.

"Hey, Daddy," Roy grinned sleepily. "You look like a old woman shooing chickens."

"I am," Lou fumbled. "Shooing you back to bed, Mister, if you want Santa Claus to come."

"Gimme a cookie and I'll go," Roy yawned.

"NO!" Lou snapped. "You'll get crumbs—*What* cookies?"

"A camel you were talking about. Please, Daddy."

Louis shoved a camel into his hand and shoved him back into the bedroom and banged the door shut. Stella just stood, looking.

Lou shrugged. "Skunked again. The innocent little rascal. I never could sleep on Christmas Eve, either. You look pale, Stel. Don't go to fainting. I feel like jumping out the window." He began pacing the floor. "What in Sam Hill will we do now?"

Stella began frosting cookies. She sighed, "Put these in—"

Lou barked low. "No! Roy'll catch on."

Stella took a hard breath. "We'll have to explain . . . ."

"Not as long as I remember what Christmas meant to me, we won't!" Lou announced. "Not if I have to . . ."

"What?" Stella sighed.

He dropped astride a chair. "That's the rub."

THE latch hadn't caught and the bedroom door swung slowly pen. Roy was sitting up in bed. Know what I dreamed?" he called ut. "I dreamed I saw Sandy Claus oming up the canyon, with a whip hirling over his head and he was riving four old black bears. The ears had bells around their necks nd there was a sack of toys in the ack of the sled."

Lou shut the bedroom door and hot a sidelong glance at Stella. "In fter years, it might be fun telling he kids all about it," he mumbled, n an undertone, "how I ran myself own trying to catch a fawn or a abbit. How I tried to snare a bird. nything to make a little excitement or Christmas morning. How I even immied old Pete's window and earched his house for a pelt or two o make furry toys. But the old camp had left his hut as clean as a whistle." He ran his fingers through is hair. "And now the cookies . . . ."

Lou lifted his chin and leaned forward. Were his ears ringing? By golly, had he gone plumb daffy? He must be, to hear bells in this neck of the woods. But Stella was listening, too, not only to bells, but to something else screaming across the night like a siren.

Lou sprang to the door and swung t open. Stella darted to his side. He barked. "Look! There it is coming down bald ridge like a bullet. Past old Pete's hut, in a beeline for here!"

Roy jumped out of bed and ran to his father's side. Lou caught his hand and Stella's arm. "Look out!" he cried, pulling them aside. The next second the flying object skidded in through the door on a pair of skiis that reached half across the room. On them was a squat form in a red suit and cap, with hair and beard as white as cotton and all matted with frost and icicles. A strand of sleigh-bells was around his neck and on his plump back was a pack with a red and yellow striped whistle sticking out of the top. Lou grinned. Stella gasped.

"It's Sandy Claus," Roy yelped, darting for the bed, diving in and covering up his head.

Louis closed the bedroom door and made sure the latch caught.

* * * *

"Hey!" Roy shouted the next morning, while he danced with Ann around their stockings. "Old Sandy Claus didn't bring me a thing I asked for, except the nuts and candy. But, boy! He knew what I wanted better'n I did."

After awhile he called, "Look, Daddy, smoke is coming out of old Pete's stovepipe."

Louis Stuart strode to the window. "By golly, there is," he said. "Guess we'll have to ask the old skate over to Christmas dinner."

DILEMMA

Grace Sayre

When Autumn draws the purse strings
That hold the summer's gold,
How can Winter warm himself
Against the season's cold?

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, December 1, and December 15, 1887

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

FROM HUNTINGTON, UTAH: Our Society is in a thriving condition considering that this is a new place. We have a granary nearly completed which will hold about one thousand bushels of grain, and hope to have it filled some day. I think we will have it all paid for this fall. There is a good spirit in our Society. Our monthly meetings are well attended.—Julia Whitney, Sec.

ITEMS FROM ENGLAND: The Queen (Victoria) is now staying at Balmoral with the Princess Beatrice, who has just given birth to an infant Princess. . . . The Prince and Princess of Wales are having a little trouble; their three daughters while abroad contracted the measles. . . . The Princess has nursed them with untiring devotion, and by so doing sets an example to all mothers worthy of imitation, and although a Princess, she never for one moment forgets that she is a mother, and her children claim her attention and care before all else.—Marion

TO THE BELOVED MEMORY OF ELIZA R. SNOW SMITH

Would that my muse might fitting numbers wake,
Mem'ry sweet echoes for a loved one's sake;
But, oh! too feeble and too sad my voice,
Hers spoke but to make music and rejoice—
Supreme o'er sorrow and life's varied wrongs,
Her soul learned lessons that she wrought in songs.

—Augusta Joyce Crocheron

A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION: Early on the morning of Monday, December 5, 1887, in the Lion House, Salt Lake City, at five minutes past one o'clock, the spirit of our beloved "Sister Eliza" passed away from earth, as she herself had so beautifully expressed, "To unite with the choirs in celestial love" . . . . Her name is engraved imperishably in the hearts of the people. Her life and character were in perfect keeping with the holy religion she had embraced. Her example is before all Israel, and accords harmoniously with the teachings she has given, and the precepts she has taught.—Ed.

LETTER FROM ARIZONA: Dear Sisters:—Letters are the links that bind us to our old homes, friends and associations; the carrier doves bearing the messages from heart to heart. Would it not be terrible if we could not write to our absent ones, and yet how many fail to improve this great privilege. We have moved our "camp" again (it seems to me that all Israel is one "tented field" just now), this only makes nine times that I have changed my abiding place since I came here. . . . We are located at present near a very large ruin, one of those monuments of a departed race, that are found to be everywhere in this land. . . . This place is improving slowly; it takes hard work, time, patience and perseverance, with the blessings of God to redeem the waste places of Zion.—S.E.R.

MISCELLANEOUS: We can be thankful to a friend for a few acres, or a little money; and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth, and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health, and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obligation.

—Seneca.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

THE custom of sending Christmas cards to friends had its origin in England in 1846. It was introduced into America in the late '70's. During the last decade America's most renowned artists have designed holiday cards. Among them is one noted woman, Andree Ruellan.

MISTLETOE, still used by housewives as a Christmas decoration, has had special significance since primitive times. The druids believed it had magical healing powers and called it "all-heal."

OF the seven Americans who shared in the 1946 Nobel international prize awards, one was a woman, Miss Emily Greene Balch, then 79, Wellesley, Massachusetts. The peace prize of $34,000 was divided between her and an American man. Born in Boston and educated at Bryn Mawr, Miss Balch taught economics and sociology at Wellesley College. In 1915 she was a delegate to the International Congress of Women at the Hague. In 1936 she was elected honorary president of the Women's International League for peace and freedom. Towards the end of 1946 she spent twelve weeks at the Luxembourg Congress of that organization.

THE women of Britain, still suffering rigorous postwar hardships, were grimly relieved when Princess Elizabeth wore a new trousseau suit with the skirt but a few inches below the knees. "I should think so," was the sentiment. The British public heartily approves the marriage of the Princess to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten. It also approved her joining, at her own insistence, the Auxiliary Territorial Service, during the war, and working from ten to five daily, as an auto mechanic and truck driver.

PRINCESS Juliana of Holland has become queen regent during her mother's illness.

MRS. JENNIE M. THOMAS, of Salt Lake City, was one of the first seventy-four Americans to serve as postwar exchange teachers in England. Her post was in a secondary girls' school in Sussex, with headquarters in Mayfair, London. She considers the exchange experiment successful and feels great admiration for the people of Great Britain and their Spartan attitude in the face of physical discomfort.

IN order to carry out President Truman's wishes for savings by the American housewife, so that America may meet her proposed quota of food shipments to Europe, Mrs. Bess Truman has taken over the direction of the White House kitchen herself. While Mr. Truman was Vice-President, Mrs. Truman did her own cooking.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 34 DECEMBER 1947 NO. 12

Where Peace Begins

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid (John 14:27).

THE yearning for peace is always with us, an urgent desire of those who seek the true meaning of life. Particularly at Christmas time our hearts are filled with a great longing to see the establishment of peace upon the earth, that other gifts may be added unto it.

And yet the path to peace is not easily ascended; the path to peace is little understood. It is a way that few individuals, few nations have found. The world, as a whole, has never achieved it.

Long ago in the hill country of Judea the Savior taught that peace must begin with the individual. It must first be a spiritual attainment. When all the intricate values of life are weighed and given their proper proportions, then personal peace is established. It does not depend wholly upon time or place or age, nor even upon the conditions of health or economic position, for peace is essentially an attitude whereby a person realizes that he may control his own spiritual destiny. As Paul, the apostle, explained, "to be spiritually minded is life and peace" (Romans 8:6).

The individual does not stand alone, however. The phases of life are like the ripples from a stone thrown into a placid lake. Each ripple reaches out and becomes a part of a larger circle. Each well-adjusted and harmonious family brings relatives and friends and social groups into an ever-widening circle of accord.

Thus, we who hope for peace in the world should remember that our own houses must be set in order before we can be an example which will merit the respect of other people and will be an influence in creating harmony in the world.

Peace, moreover, involves the ancient truth: *I am my brother's keeper.* No group can find an ideal peace when want and insecurity exist among its members. This principle was clearly understood by our early Church leaders and is recognized today in our extensive and effective Church Welfare Program, and in the unity which binds Church members together for a common purpose.

A nation which has not established peace within its borders is fundamentally weak whatever be the surface veneer of power. When strength and well-being and opportunity are sacrificed to strife, the strong, high walls of a nation begin to crumble.

In this season of Christmas let us remember the significance of the

angels' message, which was intended for all men everywhere to hear. It is world peace for which we must work and pray. No lesser objective will satisfy our highest hopes. It is world peace for which the cherished anthems are sung. It is world peace of which carolers think as they sing the well-beloved songs of many nations.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: And the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, the everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace (Isaiah 9:6).

—V. P. C.

Support the "Family Hour"

AT the recent great October general Church conference, the sisters of the Relief Society—the women and mothers of the Church—were called upon to support the "Family Hour" observance, with the promise of blessings which would be given their families by such action. Relief Society visiting teachers were authorized to serve as messengers to deliver an instruction pamphlet "The Family Hour" in every Latter-day Saint home.

The General Board calls upon the sisters of the Church to lend their active and persistent support to this worthwhile Church program. It is designed to be a year-round activity held usually in the home, but at times out-of-doors or at other places. Its prime purpose is to bring the family members closer together that eternal bands may be tightened around them, with love, unselfishness, obedience, and understanding.

As the families in the Church become more righteous, the entire Church will reflect this spirit and the Lord's work will be pushed forward at an accelerated pace.

The "Family Hour" is intended to be a happy, natural family gathering, permeated with joy. Upon the mother in the home will depend much of its success. She can, by her influence and encouragement, see that each member participates. She can make it a special occasion which will stand out in the memory of her family throughout its life. By careful planning, the gathering may be of such interest as to appeal to each member. After the "Family Hour" is successfully launched, then turns may be taken by different family members in planning future gatherings. Special refreshments will add to the occasion.

Mothers should never lose sight of the great underlying purposes of "The Family Hour" and should devote themselves unselfishly to the perpetuation of this observance in their families. The rewards which come to fathers and mothers by closer association with their children will be everlasting rewards which will endure throughout the eternities.

May every mother in the Church help establish a "Family Hour" in her family, to be conducted under the direction of the Priesthood in her home.

—M. C. S.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Organizations and Reorganizations of Mission and Stake Relief Societies

Since the last report, printed in the December 1946 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

ORGANIZATIONS

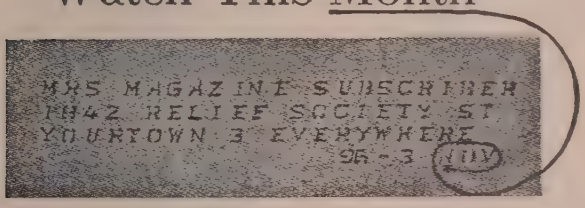
Missions	*Formerly Part of*	*Appointed President*	*Date of Appointment*
Finnish	Swedish	Mae P. Matis	July 18, 1947
Uruguay	Argentine	Corraine S. Williams	July 22, 1947
Stakes			
East Cache	Cache	Lois W. Sorenson	March 3, 1947
East Provo	Provo	Amanda Johnston	May 1, 1947
Florida	Southern States Mission	Josephine Jenkins	January 19, 1947
Mesa	Maricopa	H. Lila Newell	December 11, 1946
Mount Logan	Logan	Lovisa H. Maughan	December 19, 1946
North Jordan	Pioneer, Oquirrh, Cottonwood	Ella P. Bennion	January 12, 1947
Orem	Sharon	Winnie T. Graff	May 6, 1947
Spokane	Northwestern States Mission	Gladys O. Groesbeck	June 29, 1947
West Utah	Utah	Rose Goates	May 4, 1947

REORGANIZATIONS

Missions	*Released President*	*Appointed President*	*Date of Appointment*
Canadian	Jessie R. Ursenbach	Blanche LaPriel R. Eyre	August 14, 1947
Czechoslovakian	(Husband in charge)	Martha S. Toronto	May 16, 1947
Danish	(Husband in charge)	Eliza Petersen	June 11, 1947
Hawaiian	Verna F. Murphy	Mary H. Smith	May 6, 1947
Navajo-Zuni	Emma B. Evans	Caroline Lillian D. Flake	May 4, 1947
New England	Bertha S. Reeder	Gladys P. Young	May 7, 1947
West German	(Reopened)	Jane B. Wunderlich	May 9, 1947
Western Canadian	Pearl C. Card	Holly Wood Fisher	May 9, 1947
Stakes			
Bear Lake	Amy M. Athay	Clarissa Ward	March 9, 1947
Beaver	Melba T. Yardley	Phylis S. Warr	April 24, 1947
Cache	Alice Christiansen	Annie J. Carlton	July 13, 1947
Davis	Effie J. Webster	Abby W. Webb	December 15, 1946
Emigration	Lillie C. Adams	Louise Madsen	February 7, 1947

Stakes (Continued)	*Released President*	*Appointed President*	*Date of Appointment*
Granite	Beth C. Cannon	Ida Dean	June 1, 1947
Grant	Maude P. Allen	Lorena Harline	March 23, 1947
Grantsville	Carrie Wrathall	Annie J. Williams	October 13, 1946
Highland	Reka H. Cummings	Josephine S. Jones	December 15, 1946
Hillside	Violet W. Duncan	Lucille S. Condie	September 23, 1947
Idaho	Louie A. Call	Elizabeth W. Hatch	October 27, 1946
Lehi	Ethel S. Hunger	Lileth Peck	February 16, 1947
Los Angeles	Nellie Q. Mack	Julia T. LeCheminant	February 5, 1947
New York	Grace C. Woolley	Louesa R. Macdonald	June 18, 1947
North Box Elder	Beatrice B. Hansen	Lucille L. Wight	July 7, 1947
Oakland	Ruth S. Hilton	Hilda E. Perkins	January 19, 1947
Oneida	Ora W. Packer	Ida E. Evans	January 19, 1947
Oquirrh	Ella P. Bennion	Laura M. Wilkin	February 3, 1947
Palmyra	Phoebe I. Markham	Twila A. Isaac	June 8, 1947
Park	Hildur E. Johnson	Ruby S. Karpowitz	September 28, 1947
Portneuf	Lera C. Maughan	Emeline W. Marley	February 2, 1947
Provo	Inez B. Allred	Gretta P. Romney	June 29, 1947
Reno	Bertha J. Purdy	Isabel Cooke	October 20, 1946
San Luis	Jane C. Anderson	Lela Bailey	August 25, 1946
South Ogden	Olive M. C. Christiansen	Reka V. Parker	November 24, 1946
South Sanpete	Vera C. Erickson	Ann Bell Hansen	August 18, 1946
Taylor	Myrtle N. Passey	Lisadore B. Crookston	July 20, 1947
Wasatch	Nellie C. DeGraff	Violet Olpin	February 2, 1947
Yellowstone	Vivian H. Orme	Elva O. Swensen	July 13, 1947

Watch This Month



. . . . . the month stamped along with your address on every copy of the *Magazine* you receive. It shows the month in which your *Relief Society Magazine* subscription expires. By watching this month, you can renew your subscription early enough so that no issues of the *Magazine* will be missed.

Renewal subscriptions must be received at this office *one full month* in advance of expiration in order to avoid missing an issue.

Make the Children Happy

SUGGESTIONS FOR MAKING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Elizabeth Williamson

YOU can look forward to a lot of fun if you decide to make presents for the children this Christmas. If you sew, crochet, knit, or paint a little, there are endless possibilities. If you have no talents whatsoever, there are many simple things to make that children will love. Here are a few suggestions:

If You Sew:

Aprons, organdy for dress-up, chambray for everyday

Pinafores

Doll clothes (You can get doll clothes patterns)

Doll hats

Stuffed animals, made of calico scraps and yarn

Felt bags and purses, using pinking scissors for trimming effects, and appliqued flowers, birds, or animals of felt

Bean bags

Marble bags — Initialed, or names
Jack bags — embroidered in yarn

Leather pouches, nice and sturdy for boys

If You Knit:

Mittens, Gloves, Sweaters, Scarves, Caps — All personalized, so the child will feel they are meant especially for him

Balls, made of soft, knitted, triangular pieces, sewn together and filled with kapok or cotton

If You Crochet:

Bed slippers

Little lace collars and cuffs for velvet party dresses

Jackets, caps, robes for babies

If You Paint:

Plastic glasses in bright colors, child's name in contrasting enamel paint. Add a few polka dots, stars, crosses, or scallops around the top and bottom. With this, and a gay new toothbrush to match, you will have a gift to delight any child.

Plain glasses, decorated with little designs in enamel—something characteristic of the child, plus his name, is certain to please.

Miniature drums made from round, pint ice-cream cartons. Paint the drum navy blue, insert red cord diagonally around the carton. Make two slits at the top, add two drumsticks, painted red.

Baby's rattle. Decorate cartons with gay designs, fill with small pebbles (four or five are sufficient). Be sure the top is fastened securely with glue or stitching.

If You Own a Jig-Saw:

Cradles

Rocking horses

Puzzles

Little shelves

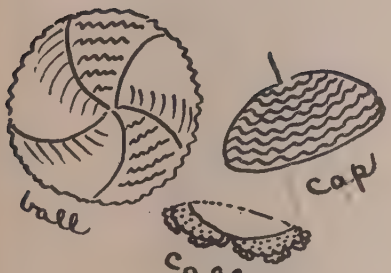
Doll furniture

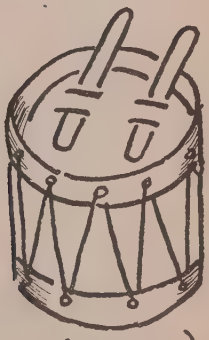
If You Cook:

Cookies in various interesting shapes: stars, hearts, Santas, bells, popcorn balls, pink popcorn, lollypops, and candy canes. Packaged attractively, these are very welcome gifts.

doll clothes

Plastic cup





drum

Cookies and Candy

Peace, Be Still!

Marguerite J. Griffin

LAST night an electric storm came to our valley. In the darkness of midnight its brazen white flashes illumined the velvet hills and exposed them in their slumber. Intermittent streaks, more brilliant than man's neon, shot across the starless heavens and were punctuated by earsplitting blasts of thunder. To the north, old Squaw Butte was spasmodically silhouetted with startling brilliance, but only for a moment at a time, as though it were a mighty citadel being bombarded by nature itself.

And I thought, as the wind mourned through the trees outside my little house and brought to my nostrils the odor of raindrops on hot, dry soil, how great, yet how terrible is the power of God. In the words of the psalmist:

> The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hail stones and coals of fire. Yea, he sent out his arrows, and scattered them; and he shot out lightnings, and discomfited them. Then the channels of waters were seen, and the foundations of the world were discovered at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils (Psalm 18:13-15).

And I thought, what could be the power of men, even with their atom bombs, if God our Heavenly Father chose to strike them with his great power?

I could not sleep. I could only watch through my open window, fascinated, yet distinctly uneasy, too. I was not used to thunder and lightning. It frightened me. It was so big, so noisy. It filled my world with flashes of light and crashing din, and my lips involuntarily breathed a prayer: "Dear Lord, protect our home, our loved ones, our animals, our flocks."

In crying out to him, I thought quite clearly of him who has the power to still the storm, who has the power to preserve and to protect. It seemed as though the flashes of light outside silhouetted in my mind that story of long ago, when Jesus and his disciples were in a ship upon the sea, and a great storm of wind arose, "and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full." But Jesus was undisturbed through it all, for "he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow . . . ."

Yes, he had been full of compassion for the lame, the halt, the blind. He had taught saving parables of eternal life to the multitude for long hours, and now he was weary and his physical body lay relaxed, asleep. He who was to know all depths of sorrow and of pain, knew no fear at this moment. Yet his disciples in their anxiety, yes, in their terror, ". . . . awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish?"

"And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm."

As simple as that. He had known his power was greater than that of wind or wave or storm. He could sleep quietly through it all, knowing that "the earth is the Lord's, and

the fulness thereof;" and that while he was about his "Father's business" he would have his full protection. No force of nature could subdue the Son of Man.

"And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?

"And they feared exceedingly, and said one to another, What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?"

YES, indeed. What manner of man is this? Oh, ye nations of the earth, he is your Lord, your Redeemer, the Prince of Peace. This is he who said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." This is he who is the light shining in darkness and the world too long has comprehended it not. This is he who taught, "And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.

And strangely enough all fear left my being as I watched the shafts of light cut across the night sky, for I remembered what I had forgotten—that God, who lives as surely as you and I, controls the power of the elements and governs the destinies of all men who will serve him. These flashes of light and pealings of thunder, this rush of wind outside my house, these were spectacular but they were nothing to dread. Instead, there were bigger things to fear, quiet things that could creep like shadows into the dark places of my life, or more subtly, more dangerously, into the tender lives of my children, tentacles from the sins of the world that reach out gently at first, only to crush finally with the grasp of hopeless servitude. Yes, rather we "should fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body" and shun him and build a barricade of righteousness about our hearts to keep him out.

Tonight, all nature was in protest against the summer heat, but my children were safe in their own snug beds. Tonight there was no danger. That would come in unexpected moments tomorrow, next week, next year. Dear Lord, protect my children. Help me make them strong.

I crept back into my own bed, and when next I opened my eyes, the world was calm, the skies were blue, and the sunshine bright. And now where the wind had last night vexed the leaves of the trees, hosts of birds were warbling a glad welcome to the new day.

Dear Heavenly Father, give me the strength of the birds, the ability to sing after any storm that may beset my life!

WINTER SPLENDOR

Thelma Ireland

The sun has stripped our house of snow;
The roof is bare and fleckless,
But icicles hang from the eaves—
It wears a crystal necklace.

Courtesy, The Salt Lake Tribune

CHRISTMAS LIGHTS

Josephine J. Harvey

The Christmas lights are shining,
They seem to cast a glow
Of loveliness and peace,
For all the world to know.

Where Trails Run Out

Anna Prince Redd

Chapter 11

[The incidents of this story are true, and the characters authentic. The information has been carefully gleaned from diaries, journals, and personal interviews.—Ed.]

Synopsis: A company of twenty-four young men and two families—James L. Davis, his wife, Mary, and their four children; Henry H. Harriman, his wife, Elizabeth, and their five children—are called to explore a route from Cedar City, in Southern Utah, to San Juan County. The two families are to remain in San Juan and prepare for the coming of the main company.

The company, after much suffering, finally reaches Moenkopi. The Davis family remains there and the others go on toward the San Juan. Scouts return to Moenkopi and report the arrival of the Harrimans on the San Juan.

The James L. Davis family and the scouts leave to join the Harrimans, and Mary and Elizabeth are reunited. Mary's baby is born after a difficult confinement. The families at Montezuma are destitute for food and there is much trouble with unfriendly Indians. One of the Harriman children dies; George Hobbs arrives with word that the main company will soon join the pioneers on the San Juan.

JAMES and Henry Harriman were at work on the river dam, when a friendly Indian runner came dashing across the ford and up the bank, waving his arms and shouting: "Many white men and their squaws have come! On the banks of the San Juan, they sit down. Heap tired. Horses no pull. All the time the white men sit down!"

"It is the second company!" James and Henry cried in unison. And away they raced to James' house, where Mary and Elizabeth were.

"They've come, girls!" they cried. "Our friends have got through at last!"

"God be praised!" Elizabeth exclaimed.

Mary had not taken her eyes from James' face. He began to shift uncomfortably, and avoided her eyes.

"Why don't we go to meet them, James?" she asked, knowing from his nervous shiftings that something was wrong.

"We can't go to meet them Mary," Henry replied, relieving James of the responsibility of answering. "They are miles down the river. This good Lamanite brought us word."

The women sat down, suddenly, too disappointed for speech.

The Indian stepped forward and began to explain as fluently as he could: "Two suns, and white men come here. River place no big! Some move wagons. Some stay!"

Relief and joy were unmistakable in everyone's face. The Indian smiled proudly. Turning to James and Henry, he asked: "You squaws heap glad! Like um more folks to come here, huh?"

"White men bring us food," said James.

"Long time, no eat," Henry added for good measure.

The Indian shook his head negatively. "Long time, no eat?" he

questioned. "White men on river want food, too!"

Not grasping the full import of the Indian's words, Henry explained patiently, "Long time, no eat. Two moons, only little bit bread. White men come. White men bring food to Montezuma."

Again the Indian shook his head. "No savvy," he said. "Heap no savvy! Maybe so paper talk tell about food."

From a pouch that hung from his waist, the Indian extracted a crumpled bit of paper.

"A letter!" Elizabeth exclaimed. And then in a voice that was mixed with eagerness and dread, she asked James to read the letter. Mary just stood still and listened.

James smoothed out the bit of wrapping paper, and read aloud:

Bluff, Utah
San Juan County,
April 1st, 1880

Elder James L. Davis
Montezuma Settlement,
San Juan Mission, San Juan

Dear Brother Davis:

This is to inform you that this day the San Juan Mission Company reached the San Juan, and, unable to continue on up the river to your location, have designated a town site here, and we have named it "Bluff City." We are very worn out, and our food supply is low. But we are instructed to send a generous portion of what we have to you, at the outpost of this mission.

We, therefore, have dispatched this food supply to you, by those of the company, who, having drawn blank slips in the land lottery here, will go on to Montezuma Settlement and live near you.

May God bless and prosper you in your faithful labors.

Your brother in the Gospel,
Platt De Alton Lyman,
First Counselor to Silas S. Smith
President of the San Juan Mission

THERE was a profound silence during the reading of the letter and for some minutes afterward. Then everyone began to talk at once.

"Isn't it wonderful!" Elizabeth cried. "I can hardly believe that we shall see our friends so soon. People from our very own homes!"

"We can hold Church and have a real school!" Mary exclaimed. "There'll be other women like ourselves," she added. "Neighbors and friends!" And for sheer joy she began to weep.

James Davis executed a dance step, and swung Henry Harriman around the room with him. "There'll be people to buy things, Henry," he contributed. "Now I can have my long-dreamed-of store!"

They stopped dancing, and James blew his nose vigorously.

"We'll have a post office, and get the news," Henry said, as though he could not believe his own words. "It's really so."

James grabbed the ladies' hands, and they caught hold of Henry, and away they circled, too happy to wonder why they were frightening their children so. Wide-eyed, the children watched their parents, too dazed by the sudden excitement to show any feelings at all.

In the midst of this rejoicing, Ted Davis came racing into the yard. "Pa!" he cried. "Pa! The milk cows are gone!"

James Davis whirled toward his son, consternation and disbelief written in his face.

"Ted, my boy," he said thickly, "don't joke with your Pa. Not at a time like this!"

"I'm not joking, Pa!" Ted cried. "Come and see for yourself!"

Walking like an old man, tired

of his years, James Davis followed his son to the enclosure where the last of his cows had been guarded. Waiting for them to calve, promising the little ones plenty of good milk to drink, had been all that had kept the family from complete discouragement. Now, even that hope was gone!

"I'll follow the Indians, Pa!" Ted cried. "It's my fault that the cows are gone. I went to set my coyote traps and the Indians came."

"You have done the same before, my boy Ted, and the cows were safe. You couldn't stay by the enclosure all the time, there was other work to do."

"I'll find our cows, Pa. I've got to find 'em—for Ma and little Ethel."

"It's too risky, Son. Your life is more to us than a *herd* of cows!"

"But little Ethel's got to have milk, Pa!" Ted insisted. "I got to go, Pa!"

James turned back to the house. "We'll let your mother say, Ted. I think you best not go."

"Ma, I'm goin' after the cows!" Ted cried. "Say that I should, Ma."

James looked at Mary, sitting apathetically before the fire, her hands locked in her lap.

"What do you say, Mary?" he asked. "He may fall into the hands of the Indians."

"He has to go." Mary's eyes were anguished, her voice was unnaturally tense.

"I'll be careful, Ma," Ted promised. "I think I know right where to look for the cows."

"You be home by tomorrow at noon," Mary said sharply. "Cows or no cows!"

James followed his son into the yard, saw him mount his pony and ride away. "May the Lord protect my boy," he prayed.

NIGHT came down, quietly as dew falling, and the stars came out, shining like tinsel. Mary stood in the open doorway, numb to the April air, breathing each breath as a painful duty.

James came in from the woodpile with his arms piled up with pitch faggots.

"We'll not need to make a light down the path, James," Mary said. "Our Ted will not come tonight."

She closed the door and went to sit before the fire to knit and wait. Wait and knit! She counted the coyotes by their yelping, the hours by the beat of her heart.

Morning came. Its clear, thin light dimmed the fire embers and rested on James' features as they sagged in sleep. Mary's eyes ranged over the distant hills. She watched the shadows until they climbed to the summits. She awakened James and the children and gave them a small portion of bran, browned and made into broth.

"I hoped there would be clouds," she said to James. "An Indian could spot Ted for miles away, in this clear light. God might have helped us with some clouds."

James gasped. Never had Mary spoken like that before. He could not reproach her nor comfort her. He could only wait.

Mary marked the sun's height. She saw it go higher and higher, until for one suspended instant it centered the sky. Then it moved lower and lower toward the west.

At two o'clock James came back from working on the river dam. "I'll

go hunt for our boy Ted," he announced. "I must go."

Mary said, "Yes, James. But you won't find him."

James answered wearily: "Try to believe, Mary. You have always had faith. Try to exercise it now."

"You had better go, James." Mary got up and went to the door to look out. "Go, James! Go now, or I'll start screaming and never stop!"

James stood helplessly. "I can't leave you like this, Mary," he said. "I just can't."

Emily took her father by the hand and led him to the door. "Mind Mama," she said imperatively. "Mama knows what is best. She has to have Ted."

James left on foot, not stopping to look back. After a long walk, he climbed to the top of a peak and looked in every direction. But it was such broken up country that he could not see far ahead. At a loss which way to go, he stood still and tried to think. Almost as if it were a voice, the thought came to him: *The Lord knows where your boy is, ask him.*

Feeling very unworthy, James began to pray. He asked the Lord to overlook his human weaknesses. He reminded the Lord that he had given the work of his hands and the love of his heart to the furtherance of the Church. He asked the Lord to help him now.

He arose and looked out over the country again, and, on a hill three miles away, he saw Ted, as plain as life, riding his horse, with his gun against his shoulder. With a joy that could only be expressed in tears, James turned home. Ted was alive! He had not found the cows, but that did not matter. His boy Ted was safe!

WHEN the hills were too steep for upright locomotion, James slid or rolled down them. Mary was waiting for him at the ford.

"I saw Ted!" James cried. "He is safe!"

Mary looked at him skeptically. "If you saw him, why didn't you bring him home to me?" she asked sharply.

"He will be home in about an hour," James assured her. "I tell you, I saw him."

"You are quite sure?" Mary asked.

"I saw him as plainly as I see you, Mary," James repeated, "but he did not have the cows."

Mary began to laugh—shrill, high laughter that sent the blood in purple waves to her face.

"You saw him! You saw him!" she screamed. "Yet it is dark and he is not here!"

"Mary, stop it!" James commanded. "Stop laughing or I'll throw you in that water there. As I stand here, I tell you I saw my boy Ted! Something has happened to him since then."

Mary began to cry, pitifully, like a little girl. James took her in his arms, comforting her awkwardly, praying for wisdom.

It came to him, then, that he had asked the Lord to show him whether his son were alive or dead. Saying that Ted would be home in an hour, was anxious presumption. He would take Mary to the house, and, dark as it was, he would go out to look for Ted.

He had gone only a few yards from the house, when he heard the

whinny of a horse. It was Stag, Ted's pony. Straining his eyes to see past the barrier of darkness, the father waited, counting the lagging steps of the horse, dreading to see that it was riderless.

"Pa!" Ted's voice rang in the darkness. "Pa! Is that you standing there? Or an Indian?"

"It's Pa, Edward!" James called back. "Thanks be to the Lord, you've come."

Ted slid from his pony and embraced his father. "I—I—didn't find the cows, Pa," he choked.

"I know, Edward, but we'll manage somehow. You run to the house to your mother. I'll take care of Stag."

"BUT Pa, I was miles away from that peak at the time you say you saw me!" Ted's voice was grave and positive.

James and his son were finishing a new log building which was to be a store and post office for the new Montezuma settlement, a straggling line of twenty families, strung up and down the San Juan river.

"I know the peak you mean, Pa," Ted said, "and I wouldn't a rode Stag on it, even if I could have. It would have been too easy for Indians to spot me. No horse could get a footing on that peak, anyway, Pa." He waited for an answer, but James Davis just pounded away at the board he was nailing. There was a set line to his jaw that kept Ted from arguing the point. Instead he went on casually, "I rode the bottom lands, out of sight."

After a little while, James said: "I've been back to that peak since, Edward, and I couldn't climb it on foot."

"Then how do you make out that you saw me, Pa?" Ted stopped his work and looked earnestly at his father.

"I don't know, and I don't try to explain it, Edward. I just accept it as the testimony it is."

"I guess you're right, Pa."

They worked in silence for a while, and then Ted asked diffidently, "Why don't you call me your boy Ted any more, Pa?"

"I can't, Edward. Since that night your rightful name has seemed good to me."

"I guess I grew up that night, Pa."

"It seems so, Edward. It seems so."

* * * *

MARY and Elizabeth often talked of their experiences. Though many new families had moved from Bluff to the Montezuma, the homesteads were too far apart for daily intercourse, and the original families were still left to their own resources.

"Do you think you will ever like this place, Elizabeth?" Mary asked one afternoon, as she and her friend picked bullberries from the long, thorny branches of the bullberry trees that grew like a thicket along the river land.

"I don't know, Mary. I'm still frightened of the river. If the trouble with the Indians ever ceases, I might be able to like it here a little better. But we wouldn't dare be this far from our houses, if we weren't in plain sight of your husband and Ted at work there on the water wheel. But I hated the river the minute I looked at it. I guess I always will."

"Well, at least we have food, now,

Grace T. Kirton

ROCK TOWERS IN WAYNE WONDERLAND
Southeastern Utah

Elizabeth. And we are doing pretty well financially," Mary said.

"Yes, we have food," Elizabeth replied sadly. "And the more we have, the more I think of how our children cried for even a little dry crumb of bread."

"It's good to have a branch of the Church here, to celebrate the holidays, and visit with friends and neighbors," Mary reminded Elizabeth. "I try to forget those bitter first years."

"I'll never forget them," Elizabeth answered. "Nor the trip to San Juan, either."

Elizabeth lowered her voice confidentially, and, leaving her bucket of berries hanging on a limb, she went over to Mary.

"There is something I've wanted to tell you for years, Mary," she confided. "It seems so foolish to be remembering it all this time, but I just have to tell it to someone."

Mary looked at her friend in sur prise. "Why, Elizabeth!" she ex claimed. "We've had so many lone ly hours in which to talk, that didn't dream you had a secret."

"It's not, exactly," Elizabet laughed. "It's just an experienc that keeps me guessing."

She told Mary about the strang Indian who had frightened her s that night on the desert when the had first begun the trip to San Juan

MARY looked at Elizabeth specu latively. "And all these year you've been expecting to see him again?" she asked.

"That's exactly it. I feel sort o foolish, waiting for him, trying t see him in every unusual India that comes to the settlement," Eliz abeth answered.

"Did you ever find out who, o what, made that strange, long cal that night, just before you discovered

Lost Spring, that wonderful spiritual experience that you had, Elizabeth?"

"Why, no, Mary. I'd sort of forgotten about that."

"I'll bet it had something to do with your Indian friend," Mary surmised, thinking of her own Indian friend, Jim Joe, who had led James and her out of Pearcon's country. "I've always had the feeling that the mysterious 'human spirit' the Indians whisper about is none other than Jim Joe, the best friend a white man has in this reservation."

"I wonder," Elizabeth mused. "Describe Jim Joe to me, Mary."

"In looks, he's not much different from any other manly Indian," Mary replied, "but his bearing is that of a proud, freeborn citizen of America, and of any land, for that matter. He is tall, straightforward and fearless—and, well, sort of mysterious."

"But you know at once that he is a friend?" Elizabeth queried.

"Yes. That is the most unusual thing about Jim Joe." Mary looked at Elizabeth speculatively. "You are expecting to hear from him, or see him, soon, aren't you Elizabeth?"

"Yes. There is trouble brewing with the Indians. We might need such a friend as Jim Joe before we get through with the next few months. Word has just come that a tribesman has been killed by the whites, and the Indians are seeking revenge. The Indians who told Henry about it were excited, and afraid of being seen by their own tribesmen, but they took the risk and came to warn us. They are gathering near the Mitchell ranch!"

Mary looked nervously toward the Mitchell place. "I guess we have enough berries," she suggested. "Let's go home, Elizabeth."

Philip Tompkins

KITCHEN HOUSE IN SOUTHEASTERN UTAH

THAT night, James Davis closed his store early. "This is the first place the Indians will come," he thought, as he locked the door. He stood with the key half-turned in the lock, thinking. Then he reentered the store, took up the gun he always kept loaded beneath the counter, threw the lever, and put the cartridges in his pocket.

"Now, I wonder why I did that," he mused aloud, as he walked to his house. "I better not let anyone know I did it."

The Indians came, and were angry that the store was closed up. James tried to talk to them, but they were too excited to be reasoned with. Thinking that he would be as wise as he could, James told Ted to open the store and give them what they wanted. By doing so, he hoped to keep them from stealing or destroying everything he had.

Ted was unwilling to do as his father said, and when the Indians got impudent and quarrelsome, he kept answering them back.

"Don't talk so, Edward," James commanded sternly. "You are inciting the Indians to do almost anything."

But Ted was too angry himself to be reasoned with.

"You are sick!" Ted cried to a big Indian that took hold of him. "You are heap sick!"

The Indian drew back in fear, "Mormons talk to Great Spirit!" he cried, "make Indians sick!" And he drew his gun on Ted.

James jumped in front of him and made Ted open the store door. As it swung open, Ted jumped for the needle gun, but it was gone, for James had put it away when he unloaded it.

The Indians held back. They knew that James worked for the Government. They understood about the post office and knew that if they killed James or his boy, the soldiers would come after them. They talked excitedly, pointing to Ted, who, now that the gun was gone, stood defiantly watching them.

James began to talk to them in a friendly, reasonable tone, and invited them to come into his house and eat. They complied, but their anger still smoldered, and, shortly after leaving the Davis house, they ambushed a cowboy and a Government scout. There was little security for anyone for some time after that.

One night, Mary, alone at home, suddenly slipped outside and returned with twenty warriors at her heels. She had heard their approach, and, though she was expecting a baby very soon, she had walked down a long, dark bowery to meet them.

"Why you no scared?" the chief asked Mary when they got into the house. "Indians heap mad!"

"Indians return good for good," Mary answered fearlessly.

The answer pleased the Indians. They shook hands with Mary, told her to keep her family inside their own fence for safety, and departed, as quietly as they had come.

(To be concluded)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" appear in the *Magazine* for October 1946, page 685.

RELIEF SOCIETY CENTENNIAL PROGRAMS AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Rose B. Astle

SOUTH LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA), ANNIVERSARY RECEPTION
March 14, 1947.

Stake officers seated front row, left to right: Lela Fleming; Leveade Gervais, Second Counselor; Ruth Ryan, First Counselor; Rose Astle, President; Irene Dalgleish, Secretary; Lucille Peel.

Standing, left to right: Lucille Anderson; Lillian Collings; Nellie Hartwig; June Hibbert; Mildred Clark; Bertha Kehrer.

This birthday fete was attended by ward officers, teachers, and members of Relief Society, with their husbands, numbering about 450 guests. The forty-two sisters over seventy years old were especially honored and each received a corsage. Among these honored sisters was Mary Rockwood, Utah pioneer, who will be ninety in October. Other special guests were former presidents of the stake Relief Society: Laura Hoteling, Blanche Hoglund, and Hazel NeVille. Following a very fine musical program, refreshments were served. Tables were decorated in Relief Society colors, with blue and gold tapers in crystal candelabra.

Rose B. Astle is president of South Los Angeles Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Pearl H. Crockett

SUGAR HOUSE STAKE (UTAH), RELIEF SOCIETY PAGEANT
"THE GATE BEAUTIFUL," May 23, 1947

Left to right: Ruth B. Hewlett; Naomi T. Matheson; Louise Wheeler; Luceal R. Curtis; Ada H. Wood; Vauna S. Jacobsen, President, Sugar House Stake Relief Society; Ruby B. Jones; Ruth Hook; Frances Schade; Lilly H. Peterson.

More than 500 people attended the presentation of this pageant, written and directed by Lucille Jensen, and depicting the accomplishments of Latter-day Saint women in the past 100 years in the fields of art, drama, music, literature, religion, and public service.

Vauna S. Jacobsen is president of Sugar House Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Vida F. Swenson

UTAH STAKE, PROVO THIRD WARD EXECUTIVE OFFICERS HONORED
March 18, 1947

Front row, left to right: Nellie Taylor; La Priel Halladay; Sarah L. Dixon, the first president of the ward Relief Society; Vivian Taylor; Mertis Russell; Esthma Tanner.

Second row: Jennie Hobbs, Second Counselor, Utah Stake Relief Society; Josephine

Bird, President, Utah Stake Relief Society; Rose Goates, First Counselor; Wm. J. Lewis, First Counselor, Third Ward bishopric; Arthur D. Taylor, Bishop; Grant F. Larsen, Second Counselor; Relief Society stake board members, Erma Boshard and Loleta Dixon.

Third row: Mildred Hall; Reva Bullock, fourth president; Vera Hunter; Estella Burch (wearing hat); Lacy Swain; Nettie Madsen, third president; Rose Bushnell; Marie Gammell; Florence H. Clark, fifth president; Wilmirth H. Brown; Maurine Taylor (wearing hat); Vida F. Swenson, present president, and her counselors Alice B. Stephenson and Rena Hoover; Leda Larsen; Nellie Bullock.

All living women who have served as Relief Society officers since the organization of Provo Third Ward in 1868 were honored in connection with the anniversary party. Four former officers were absent because of illness. The pioneer theme was used for the party, many of the women wearing historic costumes or pioneer dresses especially designed for the occasion. Sister Swenson read a letter dated March 17, 1892, written by Mary Elizabeth Hoover, which described the anniversary celebration of that year. Achsa E. Paxman and Anna B. Hart of the Relief Society General Board took part in the dramatization of a "Sight-seeing Bus," in which Salt Lake City's pioneer buildings were described. Hattie T. McClellan, eighty-nine years old, gave an interesting talk on her experiences as a child in England and detailed the incidents of her coming to Utah.

Josephine S. Bird is president of Utah Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Josephine B. Prestwich

INGLEWOOD STAKE (CALIFORNIA), BOARD MEMBERS AT CENTENNIAL RECEPTION, May 2, 1947

Left to right: Josephine Bird; Lucy Barlow; LaVena Rohner; Lydia Anderson; Celeste Bridges; Second Counselor Lena Robinson; Sue Bateman; Secretary Grace Godd; Vera Larsen; Margaret Sorenson; President Josephine Prestwich; First Counselor Myrl Gudmundson; Lucetta Later.

More than three hundred people enjoyed this delightful program of music and readings which was followed by a buffet luncheon served from beautifully decorated tables. Centennial cakes and lighted candles were arranged as centerpieces, with blue and yellow flowers completing the decorative arrangements. Honored on this occasion was Sister Lucy Barlow of the stake board who has resigned because of illness.

Josephine S. Prestwich is president of Inglewood Stake Relief Society.

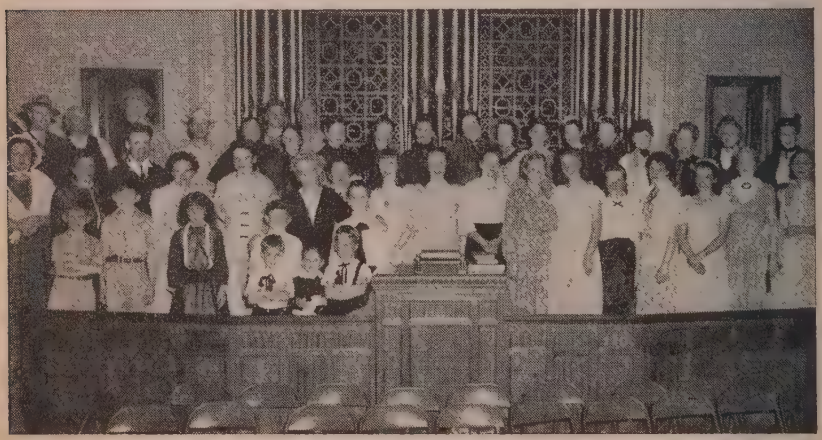
Photograph submitted by Sadie Lewis

PROVO STAKE (UTAH), PROVO FIFTH WARD CENTENNIAL BANQUET
May 29, 1947

President Sadie Lewis and her counselors, Melba S. Bushnell and Lorinda Phillips, and secretary-treasurer, Edna H. Bentwet are seen standing in the background at the right.

This banquet was held in honor of the visiting teachers. The display in the background represents the articles made for the 1947 Church Welfare Program. A delightful program was presented and refreshments were served.

Gretta P. Romney is president of Provo Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Vera H. Mayhew

BERKELEY STAKE (CALIFORNIA), RELIEF SOCIETY CENTENNIAL PROGRAM, June 1, 1947

Second row, standing, fourth from the left, Lavon B. Johnson, director of the pro-

gram; front row, second from right, Ila M. Mortensen, Second Counselor, Berkeley Stake Relief Society; back row, directly in front of center pipes of the organ, left to right, Vera H. Mayhew, First Counselor in the stake Relief Society and author of the script; Emma B. Taylor, portraying Emma Smith; Wanda B. Harmon, wife of Stake President W. Glenn Harmon, portraying Bathsheba W. Smith.

About 700 attended this excellent program which was planned around the theme: "By their fruits ye shall know them." Incidental music was furnished by the combined ward choruses of the Singing Mothers and the explanatory reading presented a synopsis of Church history from the time of the first vision to the operation of the Welfare program at the present time. Many of the participants in this Sunday evening program traveled as far as fifty miles to attend rehearsals and to take part in the final production.

Louise O. Knight is president of Berkeley Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Deborah Huntsman

EMERY STAKE (UTAH), FERRON WARD,
ELEVEN LIVING RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Front row, left to right: Millie Christensen; Iva Killpack; Ella Lemon.

Second row, left to right: Eva Killpack; Deborah Huntsman; Mary Funk; Emma Barton.

Third row, left to right: Henrietta Killpack; Catherine S. Killpack; Myra Hansen; Surelda Ralphs.

Orlinda N. Ware is president of Emery Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Zella B. Johnston

SOUTH SUMMIT STAKE (UTAH), RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AT CLOSING SOCIAL, June 4, 1947

Front row, left to right: Nevada Best; Ruth Huff; Luella W. Walker, Second Counselor; Velma Marchant.

Back row, left to right: Lois B. Lewis, First Counselor; Josephine Wagstaff; Zella B. Johnston, President; Edna B. Taylor; Pearl W. Lewis, Secretary.

Zella B. Johnston is president of South Summit Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Zelma P. Beardall

KOLOB STAKE (UTAH), SPRINGVILLE SECOND WARD, FIVE PAST PRESIDENTS AND PRESENT PRESIDENT HONORED AT ANNIVERSARY PARTY, March 17, 1947

Left to right: Emily S. Crandall; Florence Simpkins; Lydia Billings (now of Provo, Utah); Katherine Sumsion; Margaret Miner; Romola Norton, the present president.

This delightful entertainment was directed by Norma Strong, literature class leader. The honored guests were presented with corsages and a banquet was served at beautifully decorated tables, carrying out a color scheme in blue and gold, the Relief Society colors. With the exception of the late Zebina Alleman, who was the first president of this Relief Society, all presidents were in attendance at the social.

Zelma P. Beardall is president of Kolob Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Gwendolyn T. Gwynn

WASHINGTON STAKE, BALTIMORE (MARYLAND), WARD FASHION SHOW, April 25, 1947

Modeling clothes which they made under the instruction and encouragement received in the Relief Society sewing course, are, front row, left to right: Lillian G. Taylor; Jennie B. Kosko; Bonnie Lynn Rosenthal; Glen K. Rosenthal; Mary C. Disney. Second row, left to right: Beatrice Cornell; Cora Lee McLenden; Annabelle Taylor; Geneva Warner.

Several other members also took part in the fashion show but were not present when the photograph was taken.

In the inset photograph at left is Sister Mary Fehle, eighty-three years old, at whose home the Baltimore Relief Society was organized in 1914. A true Relief Society worker, emphasizing charity and love and devotion to the gospel, Sister Fehle has long been an active member of this Society as well as a friend to the missionaries. Sister Fehle's hobby is making dolls and giving them away to make children happy. She donated seven dolls to the recent Relief Society bazaar.

Gwendolyn T. Gwynn is president of Washington Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Thelma D. Brimley

GRANITE STAKE (UTAH), WELLS WARD VISITING TEACHERS MAKE RECORD

Stella Widdison, supervisor, front row, sixth from the left; Eulalia Dorius, visiting teacher message leader, front row, fifth from the left.

Every district in this ward has been visited for nineteen consecutive months (October 1945 to April 1947). There are twenty-two districts in the ward. A number of teachers were absent when this photograph was taken.

Thelma D. Brimley is president of Wells Ward Relief Society, with Stella Rhoades and Henrietta Allmark as counselors. Ida Dean is president of Granite Stake Relief Society.

DAY'S END

Ella J. Coulam

I love the joy of eventide
When shadows softly fall,
When thoughts turn back to home again
And peace comes over all.

I love the sweet contentment
When we are all together;
The cares and worries of the day
Seem crowded out forever.

I love the darkness of the night
With you and me alone;
A silence grips the whole wide world
And tranquil is our home.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Lesson 6—"From Judea to Galilee"

"Early Incidents in Our Lord's Public Ministry"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ* (Chapters 11 and 12), by Elder James E. Talmage)

For Tuesday, March 2, 1948

Objective: To show that Jesus gives ample evidence to all who honestly seek him, that he is the Christ; and that righteousness is the greatest force in the world.

WHILE the Lord Jesus was in the wilderness, John the Baptist was continuing the work of his ministry. Strong and mighty in his denunciation of sin and sinners, he was humble and sincere in his attitude toward the Savior. He earnestly affirmed, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord" (John 1:23). He spoke of the Savior as the "Lamb of God." "He it is, who coming after me is preferred before me, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose" (John 1:27). The Lord was to "take away the sin of the world;" he was to send the Holy Ghost, which John had seen descend "from heaven like a dove;" the Holy Ghost was to be given, because of Jesus, to all who would come properly into the fold. It was a great demonstration of a true servant magnifying and glorifying his master. Great as was the Baptist, he sought to forget self in truly magnifying his Master. One of the truly great lessons of humility and self-effacement was taught by the life of this prophet of God. Many important lessons concerning the Savior can be learned from a careful study of the first chapter of John.

Jesus was now to play the chief role in earth's greatest drama. His method of making friends is intriguing. When two of his early converts, Andrew and John, went to him, he looked upon them kindly and asked, "What seek ye?" With great deference, they asked, "Rabbi, where dwellest thou?"

Where does the Lord dwell, and how may we find him? That question wells up in every honest human heart. It is never an intrusion to seek him. Every true teacher must help others to find him. Our missionaries are doing that very thing; so, also, are the members of the great organization of Relief Society.

John and Andrew were thrilled with their first meeting with the Lord. The former seemed ever to be his warmest friend, and the latter, immediately, went and brought Simon, later called Peter, and introduced, or presented, him to the

Savior. Peter was later to be made head of the Church. One marvels at the simplicity of true greatness. "Come and see," or "Follow me," was all that was necessary to induce men to give up all and follow him. "Never man spake as he spake." When he summoned, men obeyed. His innate greatness of character appealed to the nobleness in others. Note the conversation with Nathanael: "Whence knowest thou me?" Jesus replied, "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee." He knew, too, the man was without guile. Nathanael, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God." In the incident is illustrated the power of penetration possessed by Jesus; also, that clean living—being without guile—brings testimony to the honest seeker.

Elder Talmage, the author of the book we are studying, stresses the title, "The Son of Man." A careful study of pages 142 and 143 will be helpful.

We shall concern ourselves presently, however, with the beginning of some of the marvelous miracles which were performed for the blessing and benefit of his followers. During one of the Lord's journeys into Galilee, we read of his being present at a marriage party at Cana, near Nazareth (John 2:1-11). Mary, the mother of Jesus, was at the feast and manifested concern because the supply of wine was exhausted. When she came to Jesus about it, he addressed her as "woman." No one doubts that the Lord held his mother in the highest esteem. His filial love for her was worthy and genuine. The salutation "woman" was not in the slightest degree disrespectful. The custom of the day permitted such usage. In one of the most distressing moments of his life, he again addressed his mother as "woman" (John 19:26).

In this first miracle of turning water into pure wine, Jesus set his seal of approval upon marriage and also upon proper recreation and social life. He was not opposed to legitimate and wholesome merriment and even celebrations and amusements.

We hear much said concerning miracles. Anciently, those who believed and obeyed were promised signs and miracles. What appears to be a miracle may, or may not, be a proof of God's approval. Every true miracle is probably a suspension of natural law, or the operation of higher laws of the universe by God's power. He alone gives the sign, or works the miracle. Anything short of this is not of God. Only those to whom the Holy Ghost is given may know the difference between the genuine and the fraudulent. However, God does not leave us to guess, if truly we seek him. Everywhere in nature we see the operation of laws which we do not understand. They are miraculous to us when we do not understand the power transcending our human knowledge. The nearer we approach the Lord, the more we may understand his ways and works. When a baptized believer is "born of the spirit," he knows by the assurance which comes to his soul whether a manifestation is from God. The Holy Ghost is the only true guide in such cases.

Early Incidents in Our Lord's Public Ministry

It was but natural that the Savior's attention would be called early

A Perry Picture

From a Painting by Hoffmann, 1824-1894

CHRIST DRIVING OUT THE MONEY CHANGERS

to conditions at the temple. Prior to his coming, not all of the work now being done in the temples of God was being performed at Jerusalem, but, nevertheless, that temple was considered the house of the Lord. It was in the temple where the Boy had said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Therefore, when the Savior discovered that it was being used as a place for barter and trade, he was righteously angry. Even within the inner precincts, which were supposed to be most sacred, the work of making and changing money and collecting taxes was being carried on. The outer courts and grounds, during the time of the Feast of the Passover, were little more than corrals, pens, and cages for cattle, sheep, and pigeons. Using freely an improvised whip, the Lord drove the traders out, liberated the animals, overturned the tables, and scattered the ill-gotten money on the ground. Before the majesty of the King, the traffickers quailed and slunk back. None dared resist him.

It took the learned time to get their breath before they could weakly ask, "What sign shewest thou unto us, seeing that thou doest these things?"

Jesus made a remark that was afterwards used against him: "Destory this temple, and in three days I will raise it up" (John 2:18-19). He referred to his body, but they construed the remark to refer to the temple, which had taken forty-six years in building (John 2:20). Their own words later proved that they knew he referred to his body (Matt. 27:63). The clearing of the temple advertised his work far and wide.

Among the learned who seemed to believe in Jesus, and yet who were afraid to openly espouse his cause, was one, Nicodemus, who occupied an important position among the Jews. This man said to Jesus, "We know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him." In answer, Jesus told him that a man must be born again or he could not see the kingdom of God. Nicodemus marvelled, "How can a man be born when he is old?"

Jesus answered, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God" (John 3:1-5). Then, the Master Teacher gave one of his fine lessons. Nicodemus, a learned man, knew that there were other meanings to the word "birth" than a literal mortal birth. Jesus used an auricular aid: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit" (John 3:8). Jesus took occasion to explain, in detail, several points of doctrine, in addition to being born of water and of the Spirit. (To get additional light on the full meaning of water baptism and its significance, read Romans 6:1-5).

On the occasion just mentioned, Jesus told Nicodemus:

> For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life (John 3:16).

Later, the Lord interpreted what is meant by "belief" that saves (John 14:12).

This interview furnishes an opportunity for one of the most in-

structive lessons in the scriptures. Do not pass over it lightly. Faith in Jesus Christ as the Savior of the world can be taught. In the Book of Mormon we read:

> And moreover, I say unto you, that there shall be no other name given nor any other way nor means whereby salvation can come unto the children of men, only in and through the name of Christ, the Lord Omnipotent (Mosiah 3:17).

Salvation comes only through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ. After one has turned away from evil, one must then have a new birth by being baptized in water. As Paul said: "We are buried with him by baptism unto death." We will walk thereafter in "newness of life." These and other scriptures would be meaningless unless one is immersed in water by one having authority.

One further word regarding John the Baptist must be said. The burden of his message was, "Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." He baptized only with water, but always explained that the Greater One would come and baptize with the Holy Ghost. Now that he had come, John withdrew somewhat from the scene, but urged that all good comes from God and not man. It is God, the Holy One, who will "shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore" (Psalms 16:11). Righteousness is the greatest force in the world. Jesus was the most righteous being who ever lived in mortality upon this earth. He is the world's greatest power.

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. The ability to discern the true character of men was shown early in the Lord's ministry. Select and relate a number of incidents which prove this.
2. What evidence have we that Jesus was not opposed to legitimate celebrations and recreations?
3. Relate the incident of the Savior cleansing the temple. Show his courage in the act and his fearlessness in proclaiming his power.
4. What principles of the gospel are taught in the incident of the conversation with Nicodemus?

Visiting Teachers' Messages—Our Pioneer Heritage

Lesson 6—Community Activities

President Amy Brown Lyman

For Tuesday, March 2, 1948

Objective: To show that present progressive community activities originated and were stimulated by the early pioneers.

THE type of settlement adopted by the pioneers was most advantageous for the development of the country and for the well-being of the people, as it made possible the early promotion of joint community ac-

tivities and interests, which, to the people, were beneficial and helpful.

The Latter-day Saint plan of settlement was the farm-village type, with the well-laid-out village as the center, surrounded by farms. The farmers lived together in the village, going out to their farms in the morning and returning in the evening. In the beginning it had been quite necessary for the people to settle together on the streams which furnished the water supply, and, also, for safety from the Indians; but they wisely saw to it that they did not become a mere aggregation of dwellings with no co-operation. Consciously and premeditatively, they organized and developed social units.

Rural sociologists in America today recognize the fact that organized rural community living has many advantages over the early American plan of isolated homesteads which had been the rule when land was free or cheap, and unlimited. They also recognize that the Latter-day Saints developed this plan of living to a very high level, perhaps a higher level than most other groups have achieved.

A vigorous spirit of co-operation and neighborliness was developed among the pioneer settlers. The people joined together in laying out and planning villages and in developing canals, irrigation ditches, roads, railroads, bridges, sawmills, gristmills, dams, telegraph lines, and in building churches, schools, and homes. They established co-operative stores, newspapers, and periodicals; the first newspaper in Utah was *The Deseret News*, established in the year 1850. The saints met together frequently as friends and neighbors in the Church, or in the school building, to discuss problems as they arose, and to devise ways and means of making their communities interesting, attractive, and productive. They strove together for economic independence.

The Church Welfare Program, today, in its production projects, demonstrates what can be accomplished through co-operation.

The pioneer Relief Society women, ever active, alert, and progressive, established, in 1872, a woman's periodical—the *Woman's Exponent*—at that time the only woman's paper between Boston and the Pacific Coast. They also joined together in building women's co-operative stores and Relief Society halls as centers for their activities. In the interest of health, they introduced classes in nursing and obstetrics, and established the first Latter-day Saint hospital—the Deseret Hospital—in 1882. They also encouraged the education of women physicians with the result that a number of Latter-day Saint women were graduated from eastern medical schools and were among the first women doctors in the West. These accomplishments set the pattern for present and future activities.

Suggestions for Discussion

Mention some of the advantages of the farm-village type of settlement. The class leader, by consulting some of the oldest residents in her community, may learn how the pioneers co-operated in the building of canals, irrigation ditches, and other projects.

Work Meeting—Sewing

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 5—Bias Cutting and Joining, Cording, and Facing

Jean Ridges Jennings

Reference: *The Complete Book of Sewing*, Chapter VIII

For Tuesday, February 10, 1948

BIAS strips are commonly used as a finish for suits and dresses, either as a decoration or in a utilitarian capacity.

The purpose of this lesson is to suggest ways of using bias for finishing garments and also to give the proper methods of doing so.

Three of the most popular edge finishes involving bias strips are: binding, facing, and cording. For any one of the three treatments it is first important and necessary to obtain a true bias strip. If the material is not cut accurately on the true bias grain, the results will be distressing. The material may not lie flat and will launder poorly.

The true bias grain is the diagonal of both lengthwise and crosswise grain. To obtain this, bring straight crosswise edge parallel with the lengthwise edge and the resulting fold is the true bias. The diagonal ends of these strips will be on the grain of the material, either lengthwise or crosswise. In joining the bias strips lay the two diagonal ends together, right sides together, and stitch. Then press seams open and flat. Remember that when the strips are laid together for stitching, the points will extend beyond the strip just the width of the seam taken. Always take care to cut and join bias strips accurately.

For sheer materials, bindings are always more attractive when made as narrow as possible. They are usually better when applied double. Cut the bias strip six times the width you wish the finished edge to be, fold the binding through the center evenly, with the right side out, and press. Pin the binding to the fabric smoothly with all of the edges even, baste in place, and then stitch on the sewing machine. Bring the folded edge over the seam to the wrong side and hem down by hand, catching the stitches under the machine stitching, being careful not to have them go through to the right side.

For heavier fabrics, use a single binding, cutting the bias strips four times the width of the finished binding. Pin, baste, and machine stitch with the two right sides together, having one edge even with the edge of the garment. Turn under the other raw edge once, then turn the folded edge over the seam and stitch

A bias facing is made by cutting the bias strip as wide as desired and sewing the edge to be faced in the same manner as the single binding. Press the seam open and flat, then turn bias to the wrong side at the seam edge, being careful that none of the facing shows on the right side. Turn under edge of facing and stitch flat. Blind hem it to the garment.

Cording as an edge finish or a trimming is extremely attractive when used at the neckline, on the bottom of sleeves, or to outline any structural detail. Space does not permit a lengthy discussion of uses for cording, but the possibilities are unlimited. (See *The Complete Book of Sewing*, pages 47, 48, 51, 57, 105, 132.)

To cover a cord, prepare bias strip wide enough to go around the cord and allow for seam. When the bias strip that covers the cord is to be used also as a facing, it should be 1½ inches wide, and one edge should be allowed twice as deep as the other. Lay the cord in the fold and stitch close to the cord using machine cording foot. Stitch to edge of garment allowing cord to extend beyond the edge evenly all the way. Blind hem the lower edge of the facing to the garment.

Literature—Literature of the Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 6—Visions of the Doctrine and Covenants

Elder H. Wayne Driggs

For Tuesday, March 16, 1948

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the apocalyptic type of literature.

A vision of the future, especially the future of what life holds in another world, can bring the brightest hopes of mankind. In our day the Lord, through the Prophet Joseph Smith, has blessed us with glimpses of the celestial realm. In company with a companion on each of two occasions, the Prophet saw the throne of God and bore witness of its beauty and joy. Once in the year 1832 with Sidney Rigdon, and again in 1836 with Oliver Cowdery, did he see and make an inspired record of these most soul-searching experiences. So real were the visions that the brightness of detail is not lacking in the words that record the happening:

> The veil was taken from our minds, and the eyes of our understanding were opened. We saw the Lord standing upon the breastwork of the pulpit, before us; and under his feet was a paved work of pure gold, in color like amber. His eyes were as a flame of fire; the hair of his head was white like the pure snow; his countenance shone above the brightness of the sun; and his voice was as the sound of the rushing of great waters, even the voice of Jehovah, saying: I am the first and the last; I am he who liveth, I am he who was slain; I am your advocate with the Father. Behold, your sins are forgiven you; you are clean before me; therefore, lift up your heads and rejoice. Let the hearts of your brethren rejoice, and let the hearts of all my people rejoice, who have with their might, built this house to my name. For behold, I have accepted this house, and my name shall be here; and I will manifest myself to my people in mercy in this house. Yea, I will appear unto my servants, and speak unto them with mine own voice, if my people will keep my commandments, and do not pollute this holy house. Yea the hearts of thousands and tens of thousands shall greatly rejoice in consequence of the blessings which shall be poured out, and the endowment with which my servants have been endowed in this house. And the

fame of this house shall spread to foreign lands; and this is the beginning of the blessing which shall be poured out upon the heads of my people. Even so. Amen (110:1-10).

In the two great visions of the Prophet Joseph Smith recorded in sections 76 and 110 of the Doctrine and Covenants, there may be found a touch of rhapsody, that hope eternal in which the soul can vision God's goodness to those who love him, evidence that he surely has done nothing except he has revealed it to his servants the prophets.

The 76th section of the Doctrine and Covenants, coming as it does in answer to the Prophet's and Sidney Rigdon's questioning of the resurrection, throws new light upon the Savior's phrase, "In my Father's house are many mansions." But here are the stirring words of the vision itself and the manner by which it came into being:

We, Joseph Smith, Jun., and Sidney Rigdon, being in the Spirit on the sixteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two—by the power of the Spirit our eyes were opened and our understandings were enlightened, so as to see and understand the things of God—even those things which were from the beginning before the world was, which were ordained of the Father, through his Only Begotten Son, who was in the bosom of the Father, even from the beginning; of whom we bear record; and the record which we bear is the fulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ, who is the Son, whom we saw and with whom we conversed in the heavenly vision. For while we were doing the work of translation, which the Lord had appointed unto us, we came to the twenty-ninth verse of the fifth chapter of John, which was given unto us as follows: Speaking of the resurrection of the dead, concerning those who shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and shall come forth—they who have done good in the resurrection of the just, and they who have done evil in the resurrection of the unjust.

Now this caused us to marvel, for it was given unto us of the Spirit. And while we meditated upon these things, the Lord touched the eyes of our understanding and they were opened and the glory of the Lord shone round about. And we beheld the glory of the Son, on the right hand of the Father, and received of his fulness; and saw the holy angels, and them who are sanctified before his throne, worshipping God, and the Lamb, who worship him forever and ever. And now, after the many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony, last of all, which we give of him: That he lives! For we saw him, even on the right hand of God; and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father—that by him, and through him, and of him, the worlds are and were created, and the inhabitants thereof are begotten sons and daughters unto god (76: 11-24).

Such writing as this is apocalyptic in style. It is exalted in spirit, for it carries the mind beyond any earthly experiences into a realm beyond. While we are warned not to delve into the mysteries, yet we all yearn to have the soul comfort such writings can assure. As is recorded in Proverbs 29:18: "Where there is no vision the people perish:"

Activities and Readings for Appreciation

In today's discussion period the class might well devote its thinking to the degrees of glory as outlined in the 76 section of the Doctrine and Covenants. This may be found in verses 38 to 119 inclusive. The following verses 50-70 refer to those who will inherit the celestial glory:

And again we bear record—for we saw and heard, and this is the testimony of the gospel of Christ concerning them who shall come forth in the resurrection of the just—

they are they who received the testimony of Jesus, and believed on his name and were baptized after the manner of his burial, being buried in the water in his name, and this according to the commandment which he has given—that by keeping the commandments they might be washed and cleansed from all their sins, and receive the Holy Spirit by the laying on of the hands of him who is ordained and sealed unto this power. And who overcome by faith, and are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise, which the Father sheds forth upon all those who are just and true.

They are they who are the church of the Firstborn. They are they into whose hands the Father has given all things—they are they who are priests and kings, who have received of his fulness, and of his glory; and are priests of the Most High, after the order of Melchizedek, which was after the order of Enoch, which was after the order of the Only Begotten Son.

Wherefore, as it is written, they are gods, even the sons of God—wherefore, all things are theirs, whether life or death, or things present, or things to come, all are theirs and they are Christ's and Christ is God's. And they shall overcome all things. Wherefore, let no man glory in man, but rather let him glory in God, who shall subdue all enemies under his feet. These shall dwell in the presence of God and his Christ forever and ever.

These are they whom he shall bring with him, when he shall come in the clouds of heaven to reign on the earth over his people. These are they who shall have part in the first resurrection. These are they who shall come forth in the resurrection of the just. These are they who are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly place, the holiest of all. These are they who have come to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of Enoch, and of the Firstborn. These are they whose names are written in heaven, where God and Christ are the judge of all. These are they who are just men made perfect through Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, who wrought out this perfect atonement through the shedding of his own blood. These are they whose bodies are celestial, whose glory is that of the sun, even the glory of God, the highest of all, whose glory the sun of the firmament is written of as being typical.

For an introduction to these verses, have the class consider the following found in Revelations 14:13:

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.

How does the added light, as given through the beautiful passages of the 76 section, bring new meaning to this statement made by John the Divine?

What are the lines in this revelation that give poetic hope and joy to those who are faithful?

SINCERITY

Evelyn Wooster Viner

Grieve not for days of autumn,
Grieve not for the setting sun,
But grieve for tasks unfinished
When daylight hours are done.

Grieve not for pain and heartbreak,
Grieve not for friends untrue,
But grieve if you are false
To that which dwells in you.

Social Science—Essentials in Home Training

Lesson 5—Refinement

Elder Joseph Jacobs

For Tuesday, March 23, 1948

Objective: To show that refinement enriches one's own life as well as the lives of one's associates, that it embodies all that is gentle, considerate, and uplifting.

REFINEMENT includes all that is fine in manners, taste, and feeling, and discards all that is coarse, vulgar, and low. It is a subtle something that one instinctively senses in another, but which is difficult to adequately describe. One who is refined has trained and disciplined his nature over long years, until the fineness of character is deeply ingrained.

A person of refinement need not dress expensively nor in style, but must be neat and dressed with a dignity that denotes something money cannot buy. He is gracious to those he contacts. His demeanor sets people at ease and he is conscious of others' well-being rather than his own. Refinement excludes vanity. The truly great are not snobbish, but the would-be great oftentimes are. Illustrating this point, an interesting incident is told by a house guest of Jeritza, the noted soprano:

> I was staying once with the famous opera singer, Jeritza, in her lovely home in the Tyrol (Austria), when some street singers from Vienna asked to be allowed to come and sing to her. They came and gave us a concert in her garden. It was a picturesque scene, the low white house with green shutters, the blazing garden sleeping in the heat, the vast lake with its ring of majestic mountains. The singers were admirable, but it was the great prima donna's demeanor toward them which made the occasion really memorable to me. She applauded with obvious enjoyment and laughed whole-heartedly at their humor like a joyous school girl. She treated them quite naturally as her equals in the equality of brother and sister artists. She went in and out among them without a shadow of patronage. Afterwards I said to her, "You may be a great singer, but unquestionably you are a greater audience" (Albert Victor Baillie, the Dean of Windsor: *The Making of a Man*, pp. 57, 58).

Our pioneer ancestors were among the truly refined and cultured, and they did not allow the long, arduous trek across the plains to rob them of that refinement. By great effort and inconvenience, they brought with them a few treasured possessions—some good books, a musical instrument, or a choice picture. Flower seeds were carefully tied in a sack and carried with them so that their new homes, no matter how crude or small, could be beautified with the color and loveliness of growing things. Their ideals were high and their attention concentrated on the worthwhile values of life. Food and shelter were not the only things of worth to them. They were not content with mere existence—they desired an abundant life. They did everything in their power to improve themselves along cultural lines—in education, music, drama, and art.

How Can Refinement Be Made a Part of the Home?

Everything in the home may bespeak refinement. It matters not whether the home is costly or has elaborate furnishings. Even modest

homes can have a few good pictures which leave a lifelong impression on members of the family, or some good books and periodicals which instill an appreciation for good literature. Good music may be had in every home, if through no other medium than the radio. The selection of the music is what matters. Participation in any of the arts has a refining influence upon one's life. It is possible for one to appreciate the arts merely through observing and listening, but the appreciation will be enhanced if one studies or actually takes part in one of them.

Courtesy is one phase of refinement. It is generally agreed that children of the present generation do not manifest the courtesy of former days. In fact, it would appear at times that they take pride in being rude. Whether the cause of this is the modern idea that children should not be inhibited, we cannot be sure, but it is certain that most parents do not teach nor stress nor demand courtesy, as in days gone by. And children do not often, of themselves, pick up those ways.

Courtesy is nothing more nor less than consideration for others, or as the oft-repeated phrase says, "Politeness is to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way." Many illustrations of the lack of courtesy may be observed. One will serve as an example: a very refined, scholarly young man whom the writer knows, was seen seated near the rear of a bus. At one of the high schools, a large group of noisy boys and girls boarded the already crowded bus, with the result that many of the girls had to stand. The young man, before mentioned, stood up and, in his very precise language, said to a

Give—
ANGIE EARL's
Treasured
LION HOUSE
Recipes
$2.00
An Ideal Christmas Gift
A book of favorite recipes compiled for those who know and love good food by Angie Earl, for 10 years cateress at Salt Lake's famous Lion House Social Center.
BOOKCRAFT
1186 So. Main Street
Salt Lake City 4, Utah
Add 2% Sales Tax in Utah

SELDON N. HEAPS

The Music Man You Should Know

WURLITZER ORGANS — "Music's Richest Voice"
PIANOS—Finest makes
VICTOR, DECCA, and CAPITOL RECORDS
Choral numbers for the Relief Society and Choirs
SUMMERHAYS MUSIC CO.
17 W. First So. 5-5881

L. D. S.

Business Training Pays

Young men and women face the future more confidently when they are thoroughly trained in stenography, bookkeeping, or other forms of office work.

Day and evening classes. Students may enter at any time.

Ask for information

L. D. S.
BUSINESS COLLEGE
70 North Main
Salt Lake City 1, Utah

Professional and Social Stationery

COMMERCIAL
AND EDITION
PRINTERS AND
BOOK BINDERS
PAPER RULING

DESERET NEWS PRESS

29 RICHARDS STREET SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

A GIFT WHICH CARRIES THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Make your gift list complete by including a book that will long be cherished

"WIST YE NOT THAT I MUST BE ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS?"

The Visit of Jesus to the Temple at Twelve Years of Age

BY

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

$1.50 Postpaid. All rights and royalties assigned to Relief Society

On Sale ONLY at General Board of Relief Society
28 Bishop's Bldg., Salt Lake City 1, Utah

Please send ..... copies of "WIST YE NOT THAT I MUST BE ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS?" at $1.50 each.

Enclosed find ..... (Check or Money Order, no stamps).

Name .....

Address .....

girl standing near, "Would you care to sit down?" With a toss of her pert little head, the girl mimicked his manner and language, as she said, "No, thank you!" The young man flushed. He did not resume his seat, but remained awkwardly standing, and you can imagine the thoughts that went through his mind. Thus we see that there are two sides to courtesy—one in showing it to others and the other in accepting it graciously. There is no situation which calls for rudeness.

Courtesy begins at home. Parents should set the example by their own conduct, and they should see that the habits of courtesy are made a part of the lives of their children. Little drills and demonstrations are very helpful. They might be carried out as games. Have the children, under mother's supervision, pretend they are introducing people to each other, or leaving the table. The time when a child commits a social misdemeanor is the psychological occasion to correct it, if the time is opportune. Obviously more harm than good may result if the children are embarrassed when corrected.

Angelo Patri says:

> Manners are the passport to friendship. They open the doors to pleasant places that are guarded by people of power. Knowing what to do and how to do it impresses those who are benefited by such understanding and reflects benefits on the well-mannered young person. It pays to be good-mannered.
>
> Good manners do not grow overnight, or in the face of emergency. They must have the sureness of habit behind them. When one is faced by a sudden demand for behavior one responds by habit, does what he always has done . . . . Use the family for practice. They will like it and you will benefit. By and by, you, too, will prefer good manners.

Sometimes amusing or critical remarks are made concerning the technical rules of etiquette, but Emily Post points out that these rules were given with only one thought in mind —that people may feel at ease, and that certain procedures may be uniform. Any conduct which adds grace and charm to an occasion is not only worthwhile, but is correct.

It is reported that one of the First Ladies of the Land broke many precedents of long years' standing while she was at the White House, but those precedents were always broken in the interest of kindness or to get away from rigid formality.

A prominent society woman was giving a formal dinner. During the course of the meal, it happened that one of the ladies near her picked up the wrong fork. The hostess, observing her mistake, immediately picked up the corresponding fork at her own plate and used it.

How Important Is the Use and Tone of the Voice in Refinement?

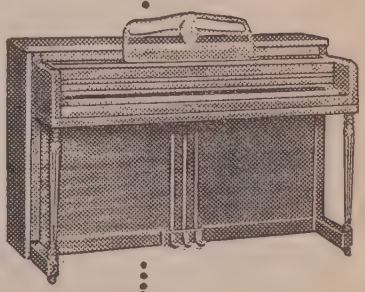
The voice is a very important factor in refinement. It can be either an asset to one or a liability, depending on the control exercised over it. If one's voice is kept under control, it proves that the emotions also have been controlled. When a soft, gentle voice is cultivated by parents, the children, for the most part, will naturally adopt the same tone.

Respect is another phase of refinement which needs careful cultivation in children. Respect for parents, respect for authority, for elderly people, for the opinion of others and the belongings of others, all must be taught and exemplified at home. Parents who allow their children to speak rudely to them are doing the

children a great injustice. They are encouraging a lack of respect. Parents who allow children to be disorderly or destructive are failing in the training of refinement. The habits a child needs should become a part of him when he is small, then the training will be much easier. Children should extend occasional little courtesies to their parents. The son might hold mother's chair when she sits down at the table, open the car door and help her into the car. Sister might take the evening paper to father. See that children express appreciation for services performed for them. One mother said:

If I had it to do over again, I would have my children wait on me instead of waiting on them so much. I think they would honor and respect me more. And someone else said, "The measure of a happy person is his ability to be tough with himself and tender with others" (*Readers' Digest*, August 1946, page 39).

Ricks College
REXBURG, IDAHO
Has Housing For You
Enroll for the
WINTER QUARTER
Registration January 5
Classwork begins January 6
Ricks College is fully accredited
(Write registrar for details)

For Your Christmas Gift
LESTER
Betsy Ross
SPINET

A beautiful piano with a magnificent tone . . . sized and styled to fit any room . . . large or small. See the new Betsy Ross Spinet today . . . Easy Budget Terms if you like.
A small deposit will hold one until Christmas.
Daynes
MUSIC CO.
47 So. MAIN
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Comments From Magazine Readers

I'm twenty-two years old. I have been a Latter-day Saint since I was eight years old. I quit going to Church three years ago, but in reading the wonderful lessons and quotations in your *Magazine* I have resolved to do all I can in renewing my faith in our beautiful Church. I have never read more inspiring articles than I have in the past week in your wonderful *Magazine*. I just couldn't refrain from letting you know my honest feelings.—Salt Lake City.

I have enjoyed reading our *Relief Society Magazine*, ever since it was published as the *Woman's Exponent*. I was ninety years old on the 6th of March. Most of my life I have spent helping to build up branches, wards, and stakes in five different states. My first pioneering was a mission to help colonize Arizona.—Salt Lake City, Utah.

I gave, as Christmas presents, seven subscriptions to the *Magazine*, to one daughter, three daughters-in-law, and to three sisters. I feel that I am doing my bit of missionary work in putting our *Magazine* into their homes, and I have received grateful remarks from all.—Logan, Utah.

I want to take this opportunity of telling you how much I have enjoyed *The Relief Society Magazine*, for the helpful hints and instruction. Ever since I have been able to read, I have read each issue, for Mother has had it in her home for twenty-five or thirty years, and I have had it in mine for two years now, and hope to as long as I have my own home.

May the Lord bless you in your efforts to keep *The Relief Society Magazine* coming to the many homes it reaches each month, and bless you in finding the best material possible.—Oakland, California.

Received my splendid reading book called *The Relief Society Magazine* today. I wouldn't take dollars for the spiritual values and information contained therein. I sincerely appreciate this book and value its contents highly. I am just a young girl, single, but I wish all young girls would attend Relief Society. They would benefit greatly.—Kansas City, Missouri.

I have been going to write for a long time to tell you how very much I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is well worth its weight in gold and so reasonable in price. I wouldn't be without it.—Rexburg, Idaho.

I feel I must express my appreciation to those of the General Board who have put so much time, work, and prayer into making the *Magazine* possible for the sisters of the Church. I say prayer, for I feel that the *Magazine* is inspired by our Father in Heaven and I thank him for the help and encouragement it brings into my home every month.—Mesa, Arizona.

Give a Subscription to

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

For a Christmas Present

Upon request, an attractive gift card will be mailed notifying the recipient of the gift.

This Is the Story of Your People

GOD'S COVENANT RACE
Anderson
GOD'S COVENANT RACE
By James H. Anderson
Between the covers of this book is the story book of the story of Joseph Smith—The Latter Day Prophet. Here is the factual basis for all of his unique claims you have been awaiting and need to know.

JOSEPH SMITH Said—

"If there is anything calculated to interest the mind of the Saints, to awaken in them the finest sensibilities, and arouse them to enterprise and exertion, surely it is the great and precious promises made by our Heavenly Father to the children of Abraham."—

"Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith," page 163.

Between the covers of this book is the story of our Father Abraham's Children—and of God's "precious promises" to us. Have you read it? Here is a chart of the beginning of your pedigree—24 generations from Adam to Ephraim. It is complete with dates and references.

THE AUTHOR, James H. Anderson, was an outstanding student of scripture and history. He has written about YOUR RACIAL FAMILY and birthright.

This beautifully bound book and chart will pleasantly surprise you. For your own library—or for a friend you want to please at Christmas time—send in your order now.

(CUT HERE AND MAIL TODAY)

EARL W. HARMER, Publisher
945 So. 7th East, Salt Lake City 4, Utah
Please send postpaid the book

GOD'S COVENANT RACE $2.00
By James H. Anderson

☐ Check or money order enclosed ☐ Send C.O.D.

Name .....

Address .....

Your Order Will Receive Prompt Attention

Brief, Understandable, Stimulating Discussions of Gospel Topics—150 of them—pointing the better way of life.

That's

HIGHWAY HELPS

LIGHTS ALONG LIFE'S GREAT HIGHWAY

Mailed to any address in the United States for $2.00

IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO MAIL BOOKS FOR

CHRISTMAS

FOR ANY L. D. S. BOOK IN PRINT

WRITE

EZRA L. MARLER

L. D. S. BOOKS BY MAIL

Box 267, Salt Lake City, Utah

NEW PRICE LIST FREE. WRITE FOR IT.

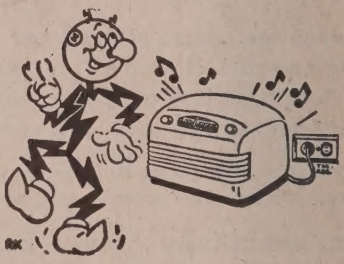
Unbleached Sheeting

81-inches wide 59c yd.

Unbleached cotton sheeting with many uses. Strongly woven selvages for long wear. Price thrifty by the yard.

9:30 a.m. to 6:00 p.m.
Fridays until 9:00 p.m.
Main or State at
8th South
Salt Lake City, Utah

SEARS



Electrical Gifts Always Please!

See them in dealers' stores

UTAH POWER & LIGHT CO.

Westward In '47

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

Here is a delightful book that will enable you to journey along the trail with the Pioneers on their Westward trek from Winter Quarters to Salt Lake Valley. See Dr. John A. Widtsoe's Book Review on page 727 of the November "Improvement Era."

SPECIAL OFFER: We will mail this book wrapped as a Christmas Gift to your friends, with your greeting card enclosed. Send the names of your friends and the greeting cards, along with $1.00 each (Plus 2% Utah sales tax) and the books will be mailed to reach them by Christmas!

MAIL YOUR LIST TODAY!

DIXON & COMPANY

159 West 3rd So., Salt Lake City, Utah

HELP · IDEAS · INSPIRATION!

for Literature of the Doctrine and Covenants teachers and classes—

Excellent chapters on THE DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS in

SEVENTIES COURSE IN THEOLOGY ... $1.00

By B. H. Roberts

Numerous selected passages from THE DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS in

GOSPEL QUOTATIONS $1.25

By Judge Henry H. Rolapp

Related and compared with other scripture.

DESERET BOOK COMPANY

"BOOK CENTER OF THE INTERMOUNTAIN WEST"

44 East South Temple Street P. O. Box 958 Salt Lake City 10, Utah

MRS MARY J GRANT
2751 HIGHLAND DR
CITY 5

33-0 JUL

U. S. POSTAGE
2¢ Paid
SALT LAKE CITY, UT
PERMIT No. 690

Peace On Earth

Good Will Toward Men

May the carol of the angels enter into your hearts and homes this Yuletide Season that you may know the real spirit of Christmas.

BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Is your life insurance BENEFICIAL

HOME OFFICE—BENEFICIAL LIFE BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH
GEORGE ALBERT SMITH, PRESIDENT